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M A D R O N A

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BY

D. T. C. *piece*

Rev. David T. Callaghan



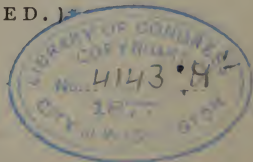
1876

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SAN FRANCISCO:

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NOTE.

The poem which opens this volume was conceived and begun during a trip made by the author through the picturesque County of Sonoma, last spring. The measure at first adopted was the "ottava-rima" of the Italians, but it was subsequently discarded, as being less suitable to the simplicity of the subject than blank verse.

For the general drift of Calderon I am indebted to a novelette by Bulwer Lytton, though most of the incidents, situations, and characters are strictly of my own invention.

C.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 7th, 1876.

M A D R O N A .

A valley smiles amid Sonoma's hills ;
And in this valley many years ago
Brian Fitzhubert, a woodcutter, dwelt,
With few neighbors in all the country 'round
Save those of his own burly class and kind.
Mighty he was in stature and uncouth ;
His skin was tawny from the glare of suns ;
Hair, long and crimped, overspread his front,
And blended downwards, with a bristling beard,
That fleeced his threatening visage to the eyes.
Though terrible and awful to behold,
A fitting shape, withal, was his to frame
The inner spirit ; for he was never known
To do a good or gentle thing soe'er ;
And was unduly giv'n to loud words,
And woful swearing of unseemly oaths,
And to all sorts of revelry that fell

So wild and blustering on the ear of night,
Whoever passed his cabin in a rouse,
Made brisk his step to shun the fearful spot,
Murmuring, as he fled, a fluttering prayer.

And Brian had a daughter, whom a wife
Now many a long blessed year at rest,
Had called Madrona, from the purple tree
That bloomed so beautifully 'mid the hills
Where she was born. But he, alas ! was one
In no wise fit to take a mother's place ;
For he had no more conscience nor respect
For the exquisite fancies of her soul,
Than an ox, surfeiting a grovelling sense,
Shows for the tender flow'rets of the field,
He bruises neath his hoofs. And so the maid,
Mid cruel frowns, and curses, and harsh words,
Growing from infancy to thoughtful years,
Had early learned to dread her father's face,
And coin artful devices to excuse
Her presence in the house when he was there.
But, even when his toil called him away,

And she could pass her threshold without fear,
She had no love nor liking for her home ;
For the low ceilings, and the knotty walls,
Grim with the vapors of a thousand pipes ;
The loathsome quid frequent upon the floors,
Mid its repulsive pools ; the sickly air,
Like the fell exhalation of a marsh,
That linger'd over every last debauch—
Were all, to her, memorials of tears
And bitter thoughts. So, she had come to love
The open and uncircumscribéd air,
And wondered why man, seemingly perverse,
Reared himself dingy piles of logs and stone,
As to shut out the splendor of the sun,
The starry constellations of the night,
And all the greenery of field and grove
What time the seasons, with their fruitful showers,
Deck them in blissful smiles. It was her wont,
Accompanied by a young and sportive fawn
Herself had caught and tamed unto her will,
To pass whole days together in the woods ;
Where, lack the sympathy of kindred souls,

She would make friends among the gentle tribes
That dwell in their green coverts ; for, in sooth,
They seemed to know the little daisy hand
Which often threw them crumbs and grains of corn,
Could never wield the shrill-resounding gun,
Nor stain its beauty in their harmless blood.

There was one spot that, more than all, she loved—
Down in a narrowing canyon, far below
The mountains' hazy tops. The royal oak,
The manzanita, and the balsam-fir,
Clustering here together, cast deep shadows
Over a brook that, thro' all seasons, tripped
In airy numbers o'er the slippery stones,
Polished to gold with its eternal flow.
Here, on these banks, her fawn reclining nigh,
She would pass hour on hour of her young life,
Her small bare feet deep in the glassy stream,
Dandling mid shoals of silver-mottled trout
Not fearful of the view ; or weaving crowns
From purple azaleas or green leaves,
Wherewith to deck herself or pretty fawn :

Or playing musically on a lute,
The gift of an old huntsman once she loved,
Till the air grew so ravishingly sweet
The robins and the mocking-birds would pause
In their wild carols ; while from dripping banks
And weedy caverns by the rushing flood,
The speckled water-lizards, stealing up,
Would into circles creep around her, and
With an astonished glitter in their eyes,
Listen in rapture to the lulling sounds.

So lived Madrona, till one joyous morn
Awakening, she found the flowery chain
That linked the fairy present with her past
Had lengthened by another blossom more,
And she was seventeen. The sun was up,
Warming the dew-drops into snowy steam,
And she sprung from her couch, light as a lark
From his nest in the clover ; and her soul
Was moved with ecstacies before unknown.
Calling her fawn, that nimbly-bounding came,
She skipped down by the orchard to a path

That led thro' many a chasm, weird and green,
To her old haunts beneath the dreamy trees,
Far up the stream. There she did come ere long,
And like a Dryad, in Æolian dells,
Was seeking a spot lovely for repose,
When, lo, confronting, from a cool retreat,
A lithe youth issued, armed as for the chase,
And clad in glossy velvet, that did seem
To shimmer in the sunbeams filtering thro'
The clustering leaves. She gazed as in a dream ;
For he excelled all she had known of man,
So different from her father and the crew
He brought with him to riot in the house.
For his eyes were as shining agate stones,
Set in a countenance as pure as hers,
And smoother than the porphyry of the hills ;
Whilst all his shape was moulded with a grace
More pleasing than that of the mountain deer
Descending in the early glow of dawn
To drink from the pure waters of a brook.

He was a marvel verily to her,
And so impressive to her simple sense,
She turned from him confused away, as one
Accustomed only to the stars of night
Turns from the sudden and the blinding gleam,
A comet or some fiery meteor shoots
Through the pure ether of a summer's eve,
O'er the blue heavens. Seeing all these things,
And wondering equally or more than she,
The youth drew nearer unto where she stood,
And, with much gentle counsel not to fear,
He told her that his name was Werner Mayne,
And from the city he had only come,
To pass a month or so amid those hills,
Where, roughing it in good old frontier style,
He might recover something of the health
He had unwisely wasted while at home,
Over unruly laws and weary codes.
This was his only purpose in the place,
And, as he spoke in honor, he did hope
She would believe in him, and fear no more.

As the young rose bends to the swaying breeze,
Her head gracefully at his words inclined ;
And when, from the bright heav'n of her cheek,
The first discoloring cloud of maiden shame
Dissolved, thus amiably she made reply :
“ The oriole that sings such tender songs
Hath not the talons of the merle to wound ;
And so I think that those who speak like you
Have not the nature to do others harm.
So, with your honest truth am I assured,
I pray, while you may tarry in this land,
That at my father's you will come and dwell ;
For sure 'tis perilous for one like you,
Used to the city and its homely ways,
To sleep out in these mountain wilds at night,
Exposed to the chill vapors of the sea,
That even, after the most burning day,
Blow in the evening over yonder heights,
And mantle all creation in a chill
And dripping pall. Oh, sir, be counselled then !
Nor, by ungentle opposition, dare
The damp, contagious humors of the night,

When you may claim the shelter of a roof,
That, lowly as it may appear, will prove
Warm enough to protect you from the cold."

Now, the strange spirit of the forest maid,
Had thrown already an enchanted spell
Around his being, and he felt his life
Would henceforth be a memory and sigh,
If passed where she was not. So he inclined
Before the morning star of his new dream,
And followed where she led him by a way
Through groves of laurel ; and from time to time
Some thorny reed occurring, he did note
Her caution lest recoiling it should smite
With woful spring his undefended cheek.
Then in his conscience he did bless her, as
Of gentle heart ; for we may ever know
The true soul by those little deeds of love
That it puts forth unconsciously, like flowers.

And now also, with more attentive eye,
He sought to explore at fair vantage, all

The mysteries which adorned her faultless form.
First he admired the locks that richly fell
In sunny clusters ; then the mellow charms
That o'er her neck and wavy bosom shone
Like blossoms upon sprays of elder, ere
They berry in the spring ; and in such joy
The vision did involve his wondering soul,
He, duly, for a moment, thought himself
Amid those far-off happy days of old,
Where by enchanted grove or running stream
The eyes of mortals might, undazzled, view
The beauties of heav'n. So they passed on their way,
Either, in fancy, dwelling on the other,
Till they came where the little cottage stood,
Girdled around with almond trees and vines,
That bloomed down to the margin of a brook,
And sweetened all the glassy summer air
With snowy blossoms or with golden fruit.

But now the sun was burning far past noon ;
The drowsy sheep were huddled here and there
Along the cedar hedges ; the playful birds

Were silent in their cooling dells of green,
And katydids and crickets only sung
In the warm air. So for the sweltering glow
That weighed more heavily where more confined,
The youth and maiden entered not the house,
But sat down, overwearied, on two stones
In the canopied shadows of an elm,
Growing before the door. And many things
Werner said to the guileless maiden here,
To please her fancy or to while the time :
But she, indifferent, would only fall
Into long and abstract gazes of him,
Listless of all he said. And when a glance,
From time, wondering from his eyes,
Shot through a sudden silence into hers,
She would look hastily away and blush,
Or with a pretty quiver in her voice
Venture forth little nothings to some word
That she, perchance, half listening, had last caught.

Now he, like others of his passionate years,
Had many fond affections in his time,

And knew how warier maidens, though demure,
May tell o' phantasies they would have known,
By the sly favor of a dreamy eye,
The careless pressure of a lily hand,
The pursing of sweet, solitary lips
Into unmated kisses ; or the sigh
That, like a zephyr, breathing o'er a stream,
Chafes the soft bosom into wistful heaves.
Used only to remembrances like these,
He marveled at the maiden's simple ways,
Nothing suspecting, and yet weirdly pleased ;
As one oft passing from a marshy fold,
Where he hath lost the jewel of his days,
Mid sickly meteors and unholy airs,
Marvels at the pure radiance of the stars,
Or the strange sweetness of the vernal breeze.
So hours rolled onward, and the maiden's soul
Was growing more familiar with its dream,
When, interrupting, down a steep incline,
She saw her father coming from the woods,
Cursing and muttering, as unto himself,
At something which had worried him, beyond.

Then, fearing, lest in his intemperate mood,
He might, ere knowing all, and unadvised,
Let fall some word displeasing to her guest,
She ran before to meet him where he came,
And, circling his swarth neck in her white arms,
With many kisses, and the words between,
Told him the story of the wandering youth,
And begged him, tenderly, not to say nay
To the kind welcome she had proffered him.
Still, he, perverse, had listened to her not ;
But that, soon nearing Werner, he espied
A costly diamond shining in his tie ;
And peering from his wallet, half agape,
A roll of golden twenties—such as, once
Visiting a far vineyard to the south,
He, with unrighteous glances, had beheld
In the hands of a foreman, as he paid
The vintagers—eagerly pressing 'round—
The just returns of their laborious week.
Noting these things, his disposition grew
Kind unto Werner ; and, a brawny hand
Extending, he addressed him warmly thus :

“ Young stranger, you are welcome 'neath our roof
Whilst it may suit your pleasure or your will
To make your stay with us ; and then,” said he,
“ If to the hunt or fishing you incline,
This wilful girl can teach you where to find
The best of either in these parts around ;
For, with the things that dwell in wood and stream,
She passes more of her time than with me.”

So Werner, with Fitzhubert, came to pass
The summer season ; and Madrona, like
A splendent light, set in an humble lamp,
Soon made the cotter's poor and homely lodge
Dearer far to his fancy than it were
A palace walled with alabaster 'round,
And roofed with gold. Ah, verily she was
A charm ineffable unto his soul !
With early morning at the outer gate,
Down by the running brook would she attend
His coming, to act as his willing guide
For the day's hunting in the leafy woods.
There, it would be the pleasure of her heart,

To teach him how to climb opposing steeps ;
To leap o'er seething torrents ; to preserve
The faint or wandering trail thro' springing weeds ;
To call with curious cries the plumèd quail,
Or fearful ring-doves ; from protecting shoals
To lure the sly trout with the writhing hook
Whisked o'er the silver ripples like a fly ;
Or from the canyon's early prints to trace
The nimble deer through chapparel and furze
To his high mountain haunts—and all such things
As it behooves the woodman's art to know.

And when her lessons for the day were o'er,
Then would she lead him to some bowery shade,
Where, on a carpet of green grass and ferns,
She would prepare for him a rustic meal
Of berries and wild honey. And as his soul
Warmed at the simple banquet, she would mock
The merry voices of the gurgling brooks,
With low bewildering music ; or to charm
With woodland visions his insatiate eyes,
Show him, through leafy crannies in the trees,

The spry gray squirrel, haunched on some high limb,
Cracking his hazels ; or as earnest by
Woodpeckers, crimson-crested, or blue jays,
Cribbling the soft bark with their noisy bills ;
Or upward higher fluttering to and fro,
Yellow and golden butterflies and moths,
Like wingèd flow'rs sowing the fields of air
With vernal colors. And amid such scenes,
Often beholden in this happy land,
Would she sing to him songs of other days,
When her forefathers lived in ruder climes,
And 'round their doors in nightly concert heard
Hideous bears ; or, rosy morning come,
Looked forth on troops of buffalo and deer,
Browsing amid their ripening corn like sheep :
When the wide forest, circling close around
Their little cabins, swarmed with horrid foes,
Like water-weeds with vipers ; and they groaned
Or sicken'd often 'neath some festering wound
Wrought by the poisoned prongs of arrows, or
Death-darting lances ; or as oft and worse,
After a distant hunt, or days of toil

Spent o'er the harrow or the weary plough,
Or at wood-clearing, to their homes returned,
To find them desolate with malign fire,
And vaporeing to heaven in thin mist.

Now when she had pleased him with her last song
He would in turn tell her of cities, and
Their many wonders. And of all he spoke ;
But as by long experience better known,
More chiefly of th' imperial western queen,
Between the vaster and the lesser sea,
Where, as enthroned upon a hundred hills,
She claims the golden tributes of all climes
The sun illumines in his daily sweep
Around the glowing world. Then she was moved
To hear that there were places far away,
Where houses stood together close like trees,
Some lowly, like her father's, and obscure,
But others towering nigher to the clouds
Than ev'n the tallest redwoods of the hills ;
And people were more numerous dwelling there
Than blackbirds flocking in the early Spring,

To settle like a vast and ominous storm
O'er fields of budding corn. Hearing such things,
She thought it were a happiness to dwell
Among so many others of her kind,
And share their busy fortunes and their joys ;
But when she heard, moreo'er, what miseries spring
From man's association and the clash
Of his unseemly passions, she would bless
The stars that cast her lines among the woods,
Where there was humbleness of heart and soul,
And pleasing concord ; and no feigned desires
Engendered, to make life a long disease.

Thus fled a season, when succeeding fast
Letters came unto Werner from his friends
Down in the city, wondering how it chanced
That he had overstaid his time so long ;
And urging him to hurry his return
If he would profit by a noted suit
That was soon to make an exciting stir
Before one of their courts. Now, verily,
He loved the forest maiden, but he thought,

That she had no tender regard for him ;
For never on occasion had a word
Or passionate glance of hers given him hope
To speak his love ; and though most gentle ev'r
In all her kindness there nothing seemed
More than a sportive prettiness and care
To play the part of hostess, as became
Her duty, and her father's spoken will.
So being honorable, he thought it well
To hearken to the wishes of his friends,
Lest tarrying longer, he might haply lose
The principle which made her honor safe
And his own conscience pure. So one misty eve,
As they they were resting by the garden well,
Scraps of these letters unto her he read,
And with a heavy heart announced his purpose.
Then there was a cold tremor in her bosom,
A thrilling at her temples, whilst a tear
Fell like a flake of crystal from her eye
Upon her damask cheek ; but it was dark,
And seeing nothing of these sorry shows,
He, with more instance, reasoned her wild heart

Could ne'er be won to sympathy and love ;
And moved with bitter sorrow, and displeased,
He spoke with her but little more that night.

But when the morning came, sowing the east
With early roses, the unhappy youth
Sought for Madrona, to bid her farewell ;
But her nowhere he found, until he came
To the vine-arbor. There, indeed, she was ;
Robed in a garment white as Sierra snow ;
Her golden hair over her shoulders clustered ;
A rose upon her bosom, like a star
Upon a panting billow ! On her hand
She leaned a pallid cheek, and with sad eyes
Looked dreamily out on the purpling fields.
He gazed at her, silently, as enrapt,
And would not move lest he should haply mar
So fair a picture ; but a little bird,
Tripping on to a limb over his head,
Poured forth a roundelay so loud and sweet,
She turned awry, moved by the winning song,
And beheld Werner. Then the color rose,

And mantled all her visage, like the dawn ;
But, as it were a pain to see him there,
She, without speaking, looked from him away,
Reproachful. Then a pang went through his heart,
And near approaching and inclining low,
He took a hand unwilling into his,
And asked her, in a kind and gentle tone,
If he had given her pain in anything,
That she should prove so cold to him the hour
They were to part. Then she bent down her eyes,
And pressed a hand upon her heart and wept,
Saying, amid her weeping : “ Good, my friend,
I felt unjustly towards you but now ;
For sure, I had no reason for offence,
If duties, nobler than a sojourn here
Called you away. Yet I can not but weep !
For never, never have I passed such hours,
As your dear coming here did bring to me,
And now that you are going ”—she said no more ;
For here a murmur fell from Werner’s lips,
And raising her dim, dripping eyes to his,
She saw therein a madness glancing wild,

Which seemed to bind her utterance in a strange
And silent spell ; and then there was a pause,
And each stood blended in the other's gaze ;
And then, though neither spoke a simple word,
His arm stole gently round her willowy form,
And her head sank tremulous on his breast,
Ev'n as a lily sinks upon a stream.

Ah, me, what sovereign joy that day was theirs,
And holy ! They scarce could think they were on
earth,
As, wandering forth among the sunny fields,
Or thro' the shadowy aisles of the tall pines,
Or 'long the golden reaches of the brooks,
They dwelt in sweet communion, and their loves
Over and over fondly interchanged,
As to assure their hearts they were not dreams.
So passed the hours, till pleasing eventide,
And to the arbor they were come once more ;
And in its dim enclosure, hand in hand,
Sat, watching the faint starbeams through the leaves,
And speaking of grave ceremonies (once

A mystery to the simple, unschooled maid,
But now revealed) that were to make their lives
Like two bright currents flowing far apart
Blend into one inseparable stream.
And so, in a daze of enchantment, they
Were speaking, when, the passing of a step,
Carefully measured o'er the withered leaves,
Made them pause in their sweet discourse and hold
Their ears attentive ; but the wary sound
Weakened as it stole fearfully away,
Till it was heard no more in the still night.

Then Werner, with a gaze of wonder turned
Towards the maiden, who with playful smiles
And answering assurance, whispered thus :
“It was only the coyote we heard ;
Coming forth from a thicket or his den,
He creeps craftily o'er the brittle leaves
Towards some warren or unguarded roost,
Making such noises. I have heard him oft',
And know th' insidious gliding of his feet.”
But Werner answered : “ My own, if it be thus,

I fear we have unduly lingered here ;
For it is said this prowler of the night
Ne'er ventures forth upon his stealthy beat,
Save when all honest eyes have long been closed
In dewy sleep. We have in truth outstaid
Many a starry brilliant in his watch,
And should, as suiting pure and seemly hours,
Give o'er our tender greetings till the morn.
Then, sooth, thy father knowing of our love,
Will bless our happy bridal, and no more
Shall night or woful chances come between
Our longing souls." So, with a burning kiss
They bade each other a tender good night,
And parted : he, descending to the brook
To cool his fervent transports in its stream ;
She, going 'mongst the almond trees, to muse
Through many a long revery and deep
On all the happy blessings that sweet day
Had brought unto her. And she tarried there
Enjoying fantasy at her young will,
Careless of slumber till the Pleiads paled
Behind the distant mountains—and oh, then

That she should e'en be doomed to things so strange !
A chilly air, that made her feel like death,
Seemed to blow and come o'er her from the west,
And turning with a sick and weary sense
Behold, right forward where the light fell pale,
The semblance of her own beloved stood
Gazing upon her ! His aspect was as snow,
And mournful as a willow by the flood,
But kind and loving. His mysterious form
Stood solemn in the weird haze of the moon,
And cast a long, dim shadow to her feet.

“Werner,” she murmured, and faltering near,
Sought to enfold him to her aching heart ;
But through the mirage her despairing arms
Passed as through air impalpable, or mist
Curled in the cool of morning o'er the dales,
Or mountain cedars. Then every living thought
Seemed to whirl indistinct, and from her mind
Vanish, like sweet notes from a broken lute ;
And with a cry, such as doth echo oft
From a ghoul-haunted dell or cavern, she
Fell like a body that is dead to earth.

Whose bosom pillows the young maiden's head ?
Whose words into her mystic slumber steal
And call her leaden senses to awake
And hail the morn ? "Sleep'st thou still, my
[daughter ?
The dew is on the clover and the berries ;
The wolf hath from the glimmering valley fled
To the fir mountain ; your loving little fawn,
Losing the night-long terror of his soul,
Is waiting for you out upon the meadows ;
Blackbirds are chirping in the pines and myrtles,
And thy lithe oriole, in his wicker cage,
Is singing at thy window. It is morn,
The pleasant hour of sunshine and wild songs ;
Wake ! oh, my daughter." As the words wore away,
Madrona from her slumbering trance awoke,
But, though she saw the happy light around,
And heard the woodbirds singing in the trees,
She shuddered and turned livid, and her face
Burying in the dim shadows of her hands,
Muttered convulsively through quivering lips :
" Oh, I must see my Werner or I die."

But, then, Fitzhubert, as that name recalled
A woful duty he would leave undone,
But must, contrary to a gentle will,
Accomplish, pressed her closer to his bosom,
In fondling recompense of all the dole
She needs must suffer listening to sad things.
“Ah, me, it was indeed a hapless hour
That we ever allowed beneath our roof
This cruel stranger. He hath spoiled your heart.
Yea, like the tulip plundered by the bee,
I fear that it will wither now to death,
And no fond feeling shall it harbor more
For father, or for kindred, or old friends,
Or any you have loved. You wonder, child?
Know, then, that he hath left us—gone away.
Midway between the morning and the night,
He was seen to pass up the great ravine,
Where the road winds among the hoary pines
Until it ends many far leagues from here
In the great valley. So, from this day forth,
Let not a memory of him e’er cause
My ring-dove sorrow. It is a foolish thing
To weep for those who are not worth our tears.”

Madrona heard and trembled, and by turns
Felt diverse tortures, as of ice and fire
Shoot through her veins ; and on her virgin lips
Awhile a fluttering malediction hung ;
But thinking suddenly on all the past,
She quailed from her misgiving as a thing
Too horrible for all sufferance, and so
Expressing fearfully in every air,
Made answer to her father in this wise :
“ I must not think upon him—never more ?
Ah, me ! how could'st thou ever counsel this ?
If I lived till the world came to an end,
I would remember him in this poor heart ;
Ev'n though unfaithful, which I know him not.
Oh, sooner might the tuneful linnet croak
The raven's doleful note, than ever he
Would prove guilty of treachery or untruth,
Answering to thy thought. Oh, no, my father !
'Tis something which hath happened him this night
Doth stay him from me, not disloyal love !
He may have tripped over some frightful cliff,
Or fall'n mid a troop of raging wolves,

Or been waylaid by some unlawful hand,
Intent upon the shining things he wore,
And shorn of life. But, oh, whate'er his chance,
My heart must know it soon or it will break !
And so forthwith I hasten to advise
Our justices of all my woful fears,
That they may search until the lost be found
And I may know whether to live or die !”

Saying, she looked up to her father's face,
That was now turbulent and wroth and pale,
Like a brook all afoam ; but even ere
She could divine or wonder at the change,
Thus he confounded her in ireful words :
“ All then must end between us, since I find
The disguise of affection but a web,
That ill would serve me thro' the jarring life
I needs should pass with thee. Yea, it is clear
That between natures opposite like ours,
There can be neither covenant nor peace !
Ever since infancy a wayward child,
Thou hast, by disobedience and strange airs,

Been a perplexity unto my mind,
And a sore cross. I wondered at it often,
And how thou went not like my neighbors' girls,
Ruddy-complexioned and robustly-limbed,
Who, at their fathers' coming home at night,
Would bring them venison or steaming loins,
And have a glass well filled and fragrant by,
To serve after the meal. Otherwise tuned,
Thou hast found joy in nothing all thy life,
Save in gamboling idly thro' the woods,
Or gaping o'er the moon and misty stars,
Or humming like a bee among the flowers,
Or other sim'lar pastimes of the sort,
Displeasing to my soul. So weary worn,
By thy contrary ways that know no end,
I deem it better far that we should part,
And with a joyful and becoming will
I leave thee to this gilded moth thou love'st,
And whom thou may'st at thy sweet pleasure find.
A gravelly ell beneath the mistletoe,
That growing down beyond the orchard wall,
Doth serve his long and dreamless slumber now,

As a memorial stone." Nor sooner falls
A summer primrose blowing by a brook,
Beneath the fury of a shivering bolt,
Than young Madrona, at these blasting words,
Sank, as o'erwhelmed and bereft of sense,
Upon the glistening sword. But he, alas,
That was her father only by mischance,
Lowered like a dark and sullen storm o'er her,
Exultant that the malice of his tongue
Had sealed her lips forever on the dream
That, incarnate of passionate hope and love,
Menaced to make all his forthcoming days
One long and brooding fear. And when his eyes
Had feasted on her sufferings to their full,
He left her without dole or pity there;
And gliding downwards thro' a thorny maze,
He came into a wild and lonely dell
Amid the hollows of the shelving hills,
Where gathering soon into a leathern girth,
From under many a tuft of withered leaves,
The guilty fruitage of his crimson deed,

He vanished like a spectre in the woods,
And was heard of no more in all the land,

Now, when the sun ascending, glittered o'er
His golden zenith, it so came to pass
An humble padre, overblown with dust,
And weary from a sick call mid those hills,
Dismounted at the cotter's to procure
Refreshment for himself and sweltering beast.
So, looking for the lingering owner 'round,
He came into the orchard in full time,
And there, beneath a flowering almond, found
Madrona prostrate on the dewy earth,
And pitiable in all things to behold.
Nor did he tarry in a wondering pause
From mindful care or service at the view,
But raised her for'with in his willing arms
And bore her tenderly towards the porch
That was close-trellised from the glaring noon
With sheltering vines. And here the sultry air
He fanned into cool breezes o'er her face,
And chafed her temples kindly till the light

Returned into her crystals, and sweet reason,
Like a torch litten in a gloomy vault,
Stole once more through the shadows of the mind.

And she was living ! Yet, within herself,
She knew the end of all could not be far,
And was right joyful that it should be so ;
For she thought it a better thing to die
And be consumed by worms beneath the sod,
Where she would have no feeling and no sense
Than to be harrassed, living, by the griefs
Which preyed upon her bosom. And, moreo'er,
She felt through all the burning at her heart
A tempering solace in the kindly ear—
The pitying priest, urging her so to speak,
Lent to the harrowing story of her sorrow.
And when she had done, he upraised his eyes,
As in docile submission towards heaven,
And answered amid many bitter sighs.

“This world is, verily, a vale of tears ;
For, how it be filmed o'er with pleasures and

Glittering phantoms, it will be ev'r found
The ordinary heritage of man
Is to bear tribulations and sad trials
Whilst he dwells here below. But, heaven be praised !
There is another and a better world,
Where the fire is extinguished, and the worm
Shall mangle the poor weary heart no more."

" Oh ! is it true," answered Madrona, " as
My Werner often told me whilst he lived ;
There is another life beyond the grave,
Passed in eternal sunshine, and 'mid flow'rs
Which never wither ? But wherefore should I ask ?
Brought up so as to never know the Word,
His blest commandments I have never learned
Nor followed ; and so, in despair, must die
Without a hope in the sweet life to come."

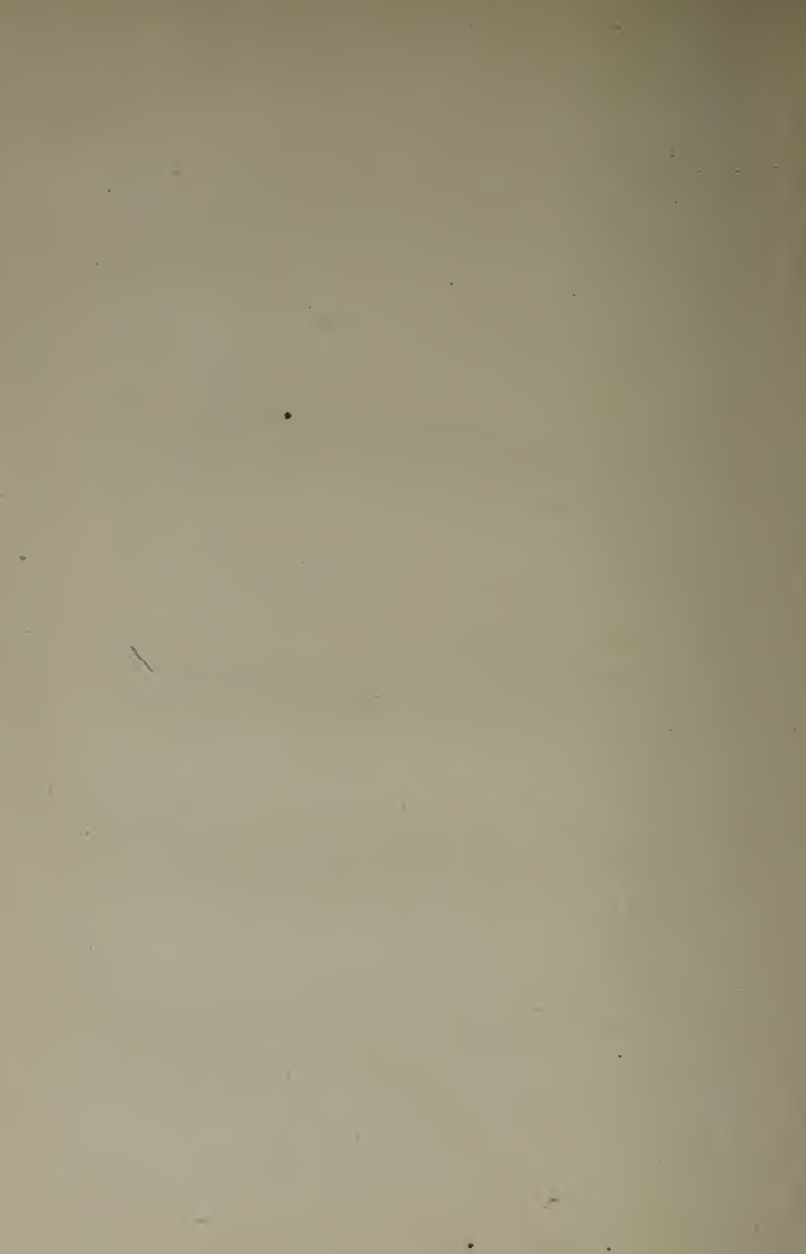
" It is the will, my daughter ; it is the will
Doth please the Master ; for, not unto all
Hath it been given to perform great things
Nor special service ; and, if thou believ'st,
Thou shalt enter the glory of the Lord

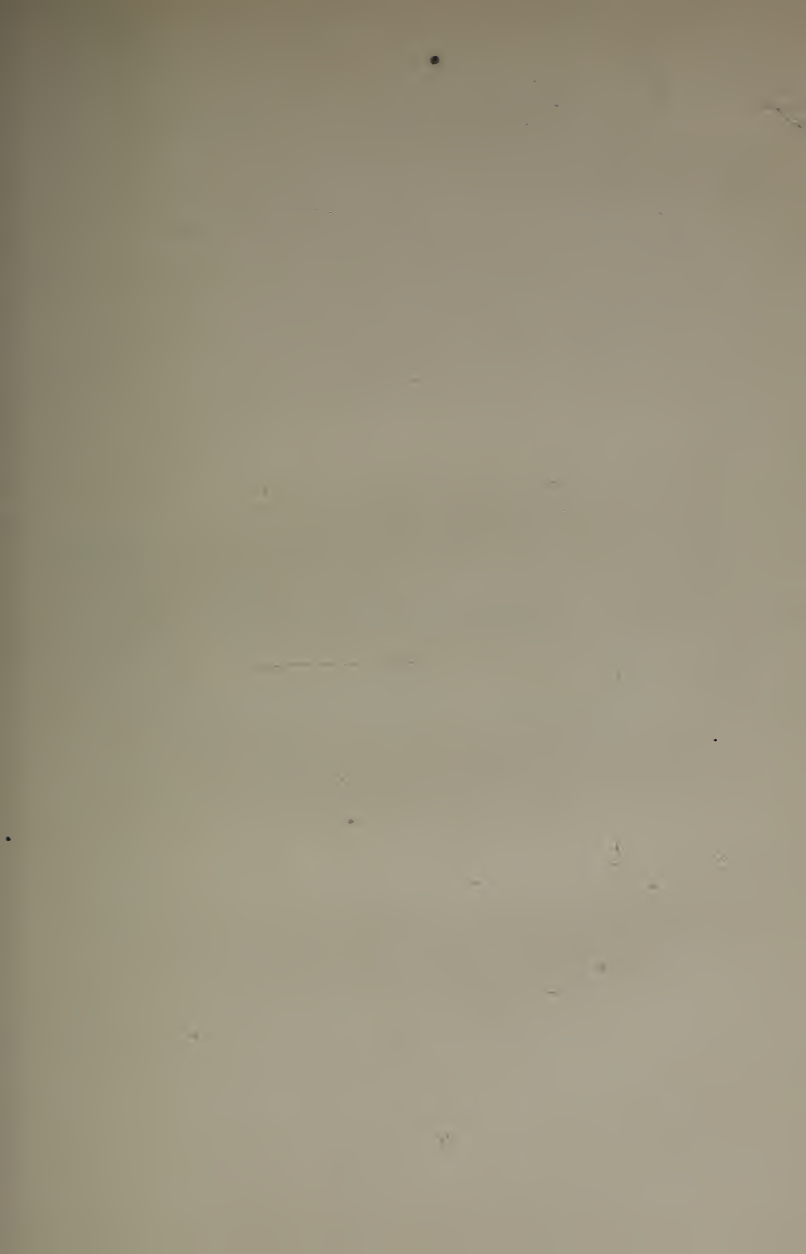
As worthy and deserving as the best,
Who have toiled in the vineyard all their days.”
Hearing such things, she was wholly o’ercome ;
That she, contrary to ill-boding fears,
Should not behold corruption, and would find
The dismal grave a bright and glittering gate
Into the mansions of eternal rest ;
Where she would know her Werner once again,
And share with him, before the Living throne,
Immortal pleasures. And, when more she learned
Concerning those blest offices and forms
That, in palpable evidence, invest
The spirit and the sense of things divine,
She gratefully inclined her front beneath
The holy symbol that doth purge away
The grossness of concupiscence, and all
The leaven of first nature ; and her soul,
Consecrate in the mystic service, shone
As a rich fleece after a peerless dye
Hath made it white and glistening like snow.

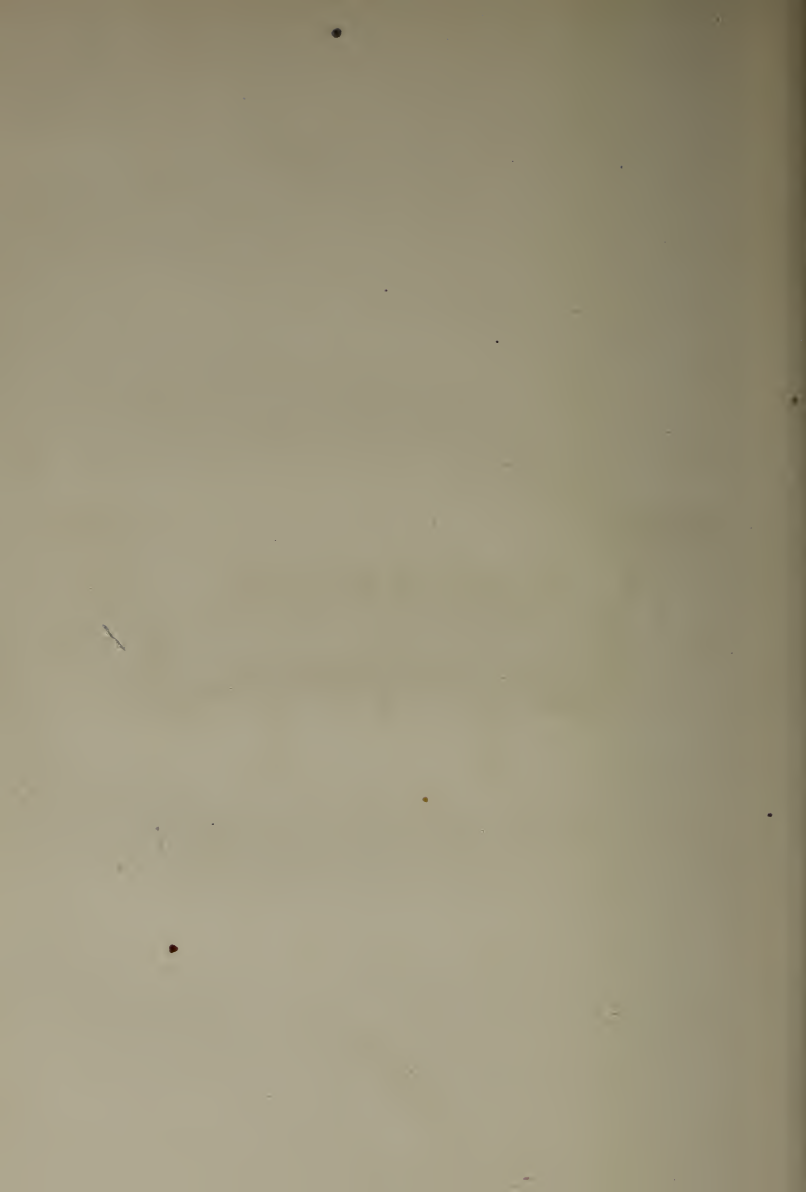
But the good father, kneeling at her side,
Read over many fervent prayers for her,
Till in the purple of the setting sun,
The red cliffs of the mountains and the pines
Mantled into a dim and dreamy haze.
And nothing stirred in nature anywhere ;
Not a leaf green or withered on the trees ;
Not a blade of sere clover in the fields ;
Nothing save the unhappy maiden's bosom,
Keeping sad time, in solemn heaves and falls,
To her ebbing life. And now there came a mist
White as the wedding garment of a bride,
And stood before the beauty of the sun,
Where it began to glow with fire and pearl
And molten chrysolite and topaz stone
And radiant opals. And seeing this, the maid'n
Dimly intelligent in her wandering mind,
That Paradise and all its promised joys
Were opening on her, raised her snowy arms
Towards the glorious pageant of the mist
And murmuring in sweet tones, " I come ! I come ! "

Breathed forth her spirit, that straightway arose
Like the song of a skylark towards heaven.

So passed Madrona in her spring away,
And like a sleeping lily she was borne,
To her last dwelling, on a sunny steep,
Amid the wild woods she had loved so well.
Nor was she long remembered by her kind,
For like a flow'r that blossoms 'mid the rocks,
She was too rare and wonderful a thing
To linger in the memory of those
She dwelt among. And when the holy priest
Was called in time from his own trials to peace,
Ev'n the little cross, and humble mound,
That witnessed where she had been laid to rest,
Passed like the shadows of forgotten things,
After a few swift seasons from the earth:
So that in all the land where she abode,
No one can tell where young Madrona now
Sleeps from the sorrows of her ill-starred life.









CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Don Calderon, Minister of State.

Martin Fonseca, a Soldier of Fortune.

Philip, Prince of Spain.

Santa Cruz.

Uzeda.

Sandoval,

Carlo,

Lerdo,

} *Conspirators.*

Ricardo, a Spy.

Bernardo, Captain of the Guard.

First Guard.

First and Second Servants.

Isabella, Queen of Spain.

Beatrice.

Abbess.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE—*A room in the royal palace—a table on R. H., at which Sandoval, Lerdo and Carlo are seen playing dice. Loud laughing as the curtain rises.*

Ler. A brilliant move!

Car. Nay; an o'ersweeping charge!

But mercy to the wounded; try again.

San. No; I am weary with play; put up the dice;
And lieu this waste and frolic of our time,
Give me the present standing of the plot
We formed for the downfall of Calderon,
Before I left Madrid. Why, think you, sirs:
I am two hours among you, all the while
Attending some instruction on this score,
As a free offering of friendly lips,
And must at last beg for it as an alms.

Car. To answer, Marquis, frankly for myself,
I was so much amused in robbing you
I could not think of other occupation.

I hope you have not forgotten our design
Along with your playing?

San. Marry, not I!

We were to profit by this weary mission
Which still delays Don Calderon from Madrid,
At the court of the King of Portugal,
And labor to attach the youthful Prince
Unto our party; so that when his turn
Came in due order to ascend the throne,
We might be happily empowered through him
To step into Don Calderon's golden place,
And so encompass, without further fear,
His most desired death.

Car. Ay, you are right!

Well, we have prospered beyond our best hopes:
We have won the Prince.

San. No!

Car. Lerdo?

Ler. Truly!

San. How did you ever—

Car. O, sir, by a chance
That ne'er so timely served a want before.

His Highness coming within mortal range
Of a provincial maiden, whom the Queen
Had lately named to lead her chapel choir,
Was by the process so dangerously singed
That he came to us in a sort of craze,
And swore if we obtained that girl for him
We might command him ever.

San.

Ah !

Car.

You may know

We did not trifle long over the price,
For, as obedient to the royal will,
Our dove was entering Madrid to-day,
We artfully decoyed her from her course,
Unto the palace of old Santa Cruz,
Where, at a gorgeous festival to-night,
We do intend, in pursuance of our bargain,
To yield her to the Prince.

San.

In sooth 'tis strange

What mighty ends we often do attain
By trifling means. Our purpose is assured,
If Calderon return not unawares,
And so—

Car. [*laughing.*] O, the bright fancy ! Now mark well :
I've information more pronounced than faith—
Nay, so assured I'd stake my head upon't,
And with it the salvation of my soul,
Calderon can not return before a month,
And long ere that, you see— [*Enter Uzeda, hurriedly.*

Uz. O, my good friends !

Car. Well ?

Uz. Calderon hath returned !

Omnes [*starting up.*] What !

Uz. I assure you ;

The fact is odious, but must be confessed :
These eyes of mine have looked upon the monster.

Car. Must I hear this with all my information ?
I never itched tow'rds suicide before.

Are you sure you saw him ?

Uz. O, were that all !

But then that I should see him as it was !
Hailed by the brutish bellowings of the crowd,
Honored by the high ringing of church bells,
And rained down on with the spring's fairest flowers,
As though he were a god !

[*Enter Martin Fonseca, unseen by the rest.*]

San. 'Tis infamous!

Uz. A man that once I would have thought too base
To groom my horse. It is a mocking shame
The King should elevate this hideous churl
To the first dignity beneath the crown,
Over such claims as ours!

San. It is, indeed;

But remember the royal life is now
Doubtfully hanging by a slender thread,
Not by a chain.

Uz. Yea, there is hope in that.

Car. [*shouts without.*] Hark to that shouting.

Uz. 'Tis for Calderon.

Let us betake ourselves beyond the reach
Of the degrading sounds.

San. Yes, come.

[*Enter the Chamberlain.*]

Chamb. Gentlemen,

The Queen commands that none of you go hence
Till you've assisted at the audience
She doth prepare to give Don Calderon. [*Exit Chamb.*]

Uz. [*promptly.*] I refuse to stay.

Car. [*stamping his foot.*] So do I.

Ler. And I.

Car. None of us will stay.

Omnes. No!

Uz. Then away!

San. Still—

Omnes. What?

San. It is the Queen's bidding.

Car. Ay, that is true.

Ler. She would ill brook any such disrespect.

San. And that recalls that for some such offense

The Count Davila was, on New Year's last,
Condemned to prison.

Car. And to tell the truth,

I have, Señors, no special love for prisons.

Ler. What say you?

Car. Eh, Sandoval, what?

San. Well, My Lords,

Upon the whole, I think it best to stay.

Car. And so do I.

San. Uzeda?

Uz. Perhaps it's better.

Mar. [*advancing.*] So, gentlemen, you have shown the
Ev'n at the shadow of Don Calderon? [white flag,

Uz. What mean you, sir?

Mar. Why, your conduct, methinks,
Should answer you on that.

Uz. Who are you, pray?

Mar. A soldier, please you.

Uz. But I want your name.

Mar. Martin Fonseca. [*Uzeda sneers, and walks away.*

Car. Oh! 'tis natural

You should make so much noise for Calderon;
That worthy was your teacher on a time,
Ere you were disinherited by Lerma,
Your noble uncle—your teacher, mark you. [*Laughs.*

Mar. Well, then, my teacher; and what if he were?
There's no dishonor in a poor estate,
Where one hath bettered it with noble deeds.
The eagle may be hatched upon a mole-hill;
But when he comes into use of his wings,
He proudly spurns his sprawling level, and
Soars to the mountain top.

Car. [*mockingly.*] Beyond all doubt
He used the birch but lightly on your flanks,
That you speak him so fair.

Mar. Nay ; it is contempt,
And not my kind remembrance of him, speaks !
For sure, 'tis wormwood to a generous soul
To see a batch of nothings, such as you,
Forever carping at this lofty shoot,
And, powerless to fell it with the axe,
Would, like vile vermin, eat into its roots,
And slowly rot it down. [*All laugh, tauntingly.*

Car. Go on, Señor ;
You understand preferment to a dot.
Your old schoolmaster, in return for this,
Is sure to make you something better than
A common trooper.

Mar. Wretch ! do you presume
To spy self-interest in the honest scorn
I feel for such as you ? Draw you, minion !
Lest that my fury overleap itself,
And make me a penitent ever after ! [*Flourish.*

[*Enter the Queen and her attendants.*]

Queen Is. How's this! A weapon drawn in our presence?

Car. [*who has skipped out of the way at Martin's menace.*]

It is most heinous. I beseech Your Highness
To call your guards, and have that tiger bound,
Or he'll devour us all.

Queen Is. This is, indeed,
A breach of custom not to be endured.
What have you to say by way of defense
For yourself, sir?

Mar. — Simply awaiting here
To present a petition to Your Highness,
These people and myself did come to words;
Whereon I was so brazenly addressed,
'Twere out of honor at once to respect
And to restrain myself.

Queen Is. Pray bear in mind
Our private palace is no fencing hall,
To settle every frivolous dispute
The testy humor genders! Away then, sir;
And when you have conn'd o'er this lesson well,
We may hear your petition.

Mar.

But, Lady—

Queen Is. Away, or we'll add to your penalty!

Car. [*bravely approaching Martin as he retires.*]

We'll meet again!

[*Martin puts his hand to his hilt, Carlo starts back, the Queen turns, when Martin bows profoundly and Exit.*]

Queen Is. [*seating herself at table.*]

'Tis well Don Calderon's mission is at end;

Since his departure nothing hath gone well,

And were he absent longer, we believe

The State would go to wreck.

Uz.

Believe me, Lady,

You have as faithful servitors as he!

[*Enter Santa Cruz. All conspirators take him by the hand apart.*]

Queen Is. We have, indeed! Why, sir, this very

A young maid, destined to our special service, [*morning*

Was forcibly abducted on the streets,

[*Conspirators exchange glances.*]

And borne no one knows whither! This were not done

Had Calderon been here, or had we left

As capable successors in his place.

Santa C. That was a villainous deed !

Car. Shockingly so !

Queen Is. And, as such, we are bent it shall be punished.

Chamb. Already, Lady,

In swift anticipation of your wish,
I have possessed Don Calderon of this crime,
And have his promise to attend to it.

Queen Is. You have done well, for now we are assured

[*Conspirators exchange glances.*]

We shall be fully served. Know you, Señor,
Whether his Lordship's ready to announce
The result of his mission ?

Chamb. He is, madam,

And doth await the pleasure of Your Highness.

Queen Is. Admit him. [*Exit Chamberlain.*]

My Lord of Santa Cruz, it was yourself
Who went on the last embassy to Lisbon,
Concerning the affair of Sarmiento ?

Santa C. It was, madam.

Queen Is. And it was you, Uzeda,

Who did precede him on the self same charge ?

Uz. It was, my Queen ; and if I did not thrive

According to the wishes of Your Grace,
Consider that the King of Portugal
Is so perverse and obstinate in nature
That even Tully, were he come to life,
Could not persuade him to amend a wrong
He knowingly had done.

Santa C.

I may say, madam,

That is the very reason I failed, too.
And I do warrant Calderon hath done
No better in the business than ourselves.

Queen Is. In that event, our voice shall be for war.

'Tis monstrous that this royal mannikin
Should, with such willful arrogance, reclaim
A fertile province, conquered from his father,
And to our rightful sovereignty confirmed
By the most august treaties. He has received
The last friendly advices from this throne.

[*Enter Chamberlain, escorting Calderon, who has a roll of parchment in his hand, and is followed by two lords.*

He bows.]

Welcome, most noble Señor, back to Madrid.
What news bring you from haughty Portugal?

Is he determined still to try our patience
Beyond the bounds of suff'rance?

Cal.

Most noble Queen,

So I believe he was at first disposed ;
But through coy flatteries, warily pursued,
I wrought at last upon his stubborn will,
Not only to concede our rightful claims,
But, as indemnity for the expense
This lengthy variance hath cost our State,
To pay into the treasury of Your Grace
One hundred thousand marks.

Queen Is.

Well done, good Señor ;

Now, for this service—

Cal.

Lady, there's something more :

Considering the scandal of the Moors
On the good name of any Christian land,
I have engaged His Highness to consent
Unto a treaty, by whose terms exprest,
These infidels are forthwith to be banished
From both your realms. Here is the document ;
It only needs your royal signature
To make it lawful.

Queen Is. This is a measure
Most necessary for the general good ;
So we will sign—

Uz. I pray you, madam—

Queen Is. Well ?

Uz. Reflect before you do this cruel thing.
The Moors are now subdued, and, I may say,
As frank in their submission to the King
As the most loyal of us.

Santa C. And, also, madam,
These nobles and myself have fertile lands
Farmed to the Moors; now, is it wise or just
That of our tenants we should be deprived,
Or see our fields turned into runs for wolves,
From a destructive policy of State,
Or for the pleasure of some special grudge
He bears this people ?

Cal. Will you proceed, madam ?

Queen Is. Spain can much better spare a few broad
Than holy Christian souls which would be risked [acres
By countenancing these Pagans in her midst.
We sign the paper.

[*She signs it, and hands it back to Calderon. The conspirators look indignant.*]

Cal. [aside.] So, then, I crush this hated race at last!
Most noble Lady :

Posterity will look upon this act
As the most honored glory of your reign.

Queen Is. We rather stake our admiration on
An ever ready spirit to reward
Such as do merit well. Kneel, Don Calderon !
Here, in the public eye and ear of Spain,
We bestow on you, with our royal hands,
The decoration of the Golden Fleece ;
And that becomingly it may be worn
As fitting your high privilege and deserts,
We raise you to the order of Grandee,
Under the title of the Duke of Milo. [*Sensation.*]
Go, let the cannon and the trumpet speak
What grateful dignities attend on all
Who thus do serve the country and the crown.

[*Exit Chamberlain.*]

Cal. Oh ! gracious Lady—

Queen Is. Nay, arise Lord Duke,

And show your thanks in deeds, henceforth, which may
Raise you still higher than you stand to-day.

Come—

Cal. Madam—

Queen Is. We would present you to the King.

[*March. Calderon is about to follow behind the Queen,
when she graciously offers him her hand. All but the
five conspirators, exeunt to a lively march.*]

Santa C. That my old eyes should be reserved for this!

Why the great Captain was not honored so

On his victorious return from Naples!

And then to think this harpy—Oh! I feel

As I could tear my hair out, all at once!

Car. Do so, good Marquis; you will improve thereby
The sale of wigs.

Santa C. Peace, you malicious boy.

Uz. The like was never known—made a Grandee!

San. Raised to a dukedom, too!

Santa C. But the Golden Fleece!

The Golden Fleece, remember, noble sirs!

The Golden Fleece! that glorious badge of honor

That is conferred hardly a score of times

In a whole reign! Why, think you, gentlemen:
It has ne'er even been bestowed on me.

Car. Nor on me either.

Uz. Now are we fully warned

What infamy awaits our noble order
Unless we bring our enterprise to-night
To a fair issue.

San. Do you not think it best

We put this entertainment off a while?
You know if Calderon should e'er suspect
Why it is given—

Uz. Oh! I do not fear!

He will for some time be so occupied
With putting himself into knowing train
Concerning foreign and domestic matters
That during his long absence have transpired,
He will not think of dissipating time
In business so inconsequent and small
As hunting for stray women.

Santa C. That is true;

Besides, I have already told the Prince
Concerning his good fortune; and he swears

That if we disappoint him, it will go
Most sadly with us.

Uz. Yes, the feast must take place ;
But for the sake of many of our friends
Whose fortunes will not bear a present risk,
I do propose the privilege of masks,
To such as choose to wear them.

Car. Masks, by all means ;
For many will be present whom I know,
As having more to cover than to show.

Santa C. Let all be guided in this as they please,
And so you may report. The hound returns ;
We must not give him reason for suspicion
By speaking here together. Let us divide,
And lose ourselves in the galleries around.

Uz. Yes. Come— *[Goes.]*

Santa C. What mean you, boy ?

Car. [*who has been gently pulling Santa Cruz from a
certain spot.*] That's where he stood.

Santa C. [*giving a jump and rubbing his soles.*]

I'll burn these slippers when I reach my house.

[Exeunt all, severally.]

[*Enter Calderon.*]

Cal. [*seating himself at a table.*]

I've seen the King ; he lay upon his bed,
So worn a ruin of his former self,
He scarce could raise his thin, white, trembling hand
Upon my brow to bless me. But he confirmed
All that the Queen hath in my interest done.
Yet what to me is all this glory now ?
'Tis out of season ! Yea, the seed was killed
By the tempestuous violence of the spring,
And now the sun comes as in mockery out,
To make it flower. Oh, ye mighty gods,
May not my honors all give light enough
To fright the spectre of one guilty deed
Back to her Stygian haunts ? It cannot be !
The lonely student still must share my thoughts,
And every sleep wash red innocent dreams
In the blood of the Moor !

[*Enter Ricardo.*]

Ric.

My noble Lord.

Cal. Is't you, Ricardo ?

Ric.

I hope you know me.

Cal. A passing blindness swept across my eyes ;

I know you well, Ricardo. Tell me now—
Have you had much discourse with Aliaga,
The Grand Inquisitor, since I departed?

Ric. Yea, My Lord.

Cal. Did he ever refer to me?

Ric. Often.

Cal. In what terms?

Ric. Most flattering, My Lord.

Cal. [*aside.*] That is encouraging, and yet I fear!

He has the secret of my youthful deed,
And hath abused it to advance himself
To rank and power. However high I soar,
Like a vile serpent coiled, around my throat,
He must rise with me. Oh! that he were dead,
And that I saw him confined at my feet!
Ricardo!

Ric. Señor?

Cal. What of my enemies?

You've heard them rate the upstart more than once?

Ric. Oh, worse than that; they have against you formed
A deep conspiracy!

Cal. Ah, do you say so?

Ric. Yes ; read this paper. I have therein inscribed
The movers and abettors of the plot,
Their methods of procedure, and the hopes
They found upon their treason.

Cal. [*reading.*] And it is headed by old Santa Cruz !
Now, as to their proceeding, I perceive
They take their cue from scripture, and in this
They show some wisdom. The Prince is very young,
And more inclined, by temperament and nature,
To easy pleasures than to statesmanship ;
So, if they win him, they undo my greatness
As thoroughly as though they made my heart
A nest for all their daggers. They begin
Upon His Highness at a feast to-night.
I must see to this—Hark ! Ricardo !

Ric. Señor ?

Cal. Did you not hear a knock ?

Ric. Where, Señor ?

Cal. There ! at the door of the secret stairway.

Ric. No, Señor. You must have deceived yourself.

Cal. Does that sound like it ? See whom it may be,
But, on your life, let him not enter here ;

I would be alone.

Ric. I will obey you, sir.

[*He opens the door, and Martin Fonseca appears.*]

I crave your pardon.

Mar. Unhand me, man, I say !

I'll enter here if I must hew a door

Ev'n through your body.

[*Hurls Ricardo aside, who puts his hand to his sword.*
Calderon rises and comes forward.]

Cal. Who are you, sir, that thus—

Mar. One that did seek for justice from his Queen
And was denied, and, therefore, makes so bold
To come and ask it of her minister.

Cal. [*frigidly.*] I'm in no temper to oppose the Queen
For the sake of a stranger.

Mar. Stranger, sir ?

Do you not know me ?

Cal. I do not.

Mar. How soon

We are forgotten by those unto whom

We are no longer useful ! There was a time

When you were proud to own my fellowship,

And even swear there was no love on earth
That you did prize like mine. But it is past.
I am no longer heir to grand estates,
Nor you my tutor.

Cal. [*waves Ricardo to retire, and then eagerly.*]

What are you, truly, then—?

Mar. Once the rich nephew of Count Lerma ;
Now, plain Martin Fonseca.

Cal. [*embracing him.*] Heaven bless this hour !

It brings the only happiness I have known
These many years. And you are little Martin,
Whom I once gaily galloped on my knee,
And after, with a willing patience taught
The mysteries of books ! How you have grown
Into a fitting model of a man !
You would do honor to a princely house
With these proportions.

Mar. Oh ! My noble Lord,

I now see how unjust I was to you.
Power has not changed you, and it never could ;
'Tis only those creatures of a vulgar stamp
Who are spoiled by it.

Cal. Nor has it spared me ;
Few ever rise unto a high estate
Without doing much which they would have undone.
But tell me of yourself. How did it come
Your uncle cut you off from his succession ?
You gave him no cause ?

Mar. No, but his lady did ;
For by some venture bearing him a son,
He lost a taste for nephews.

Cal. So you became
A common soldier to support yourself ?

Mar. You have it, Señor.

Cal. Well, I now do hope
That you have sought me out for some promotion.
It would delight me to make you amends
For this rude bluff of fortune.

Mar. Oh ! Calderon,
I do not aim so high. I only come
To beg for your assistance to regain
A sweet young maid to whom I am betrothed,
And who was stolen by some fiend away,
On her arrival from the provinces,

In this great town to-day.

Cal. Are you sure, Martin,

She was not made a willing prisoner?

Mar. How should you ask this?

Cal. She may have crossed some one

With more rings on his fingers, or who had

A longer feather to his hat than you,

Or more lace to his coat.

Mar. Oh, my good Señor!

Cal. You know not women; they are as shining baits,

Thrown out upon the troubled sea of life

To lure us down to hell. I would not trust

One of these cunning creatures of deceit

Though she affirmed her faith on Holy Writ,

By the most sacred vows.

Mar. Alas! I see;

Office hath stolen the freshness from your heart,

And filled its place with gall for all your kind.

Now, for this reason, would you know my bride!

She is so tender, lovable and true,

She would expel this poison from your blood

And make you feel again.

Cal. Have your own way ;

It is in vain we argue with a lover.

So you wish my assistance ?

Mar. Nay, I crave it.

Cal. What is your charmer's name ?

Mar. Beatrice Costello.

Cal. [*startled.*] How ! the young woman only lately
Chorister to the Queen ? [named

Mar. The same, My Lord.

Cal. [*with meaning.*] Do you not know the author of
this outrage ?

Mar. Oh, that do I ! A sort of shambling graybeard,
Prank't up in silk and satin, lace and gold ;
Who wears a shining sword upon his thigh
Which never tasted blood, I dare avouch,
Since it was temper'd. I think somewhere I heard
His name was Santa Cruz.

Cal. [*aside, triumphantly.*] Oh, blessed chance !
I'll serve myself and friend at once in this.
A word, Don Martin. Was Santa Cruz alone,
Or only one of several in this matter ?
Can you tell me ?

Mar. There were others with him ;
But so behooded my informer failed
To note them clearly.

Cal. At least, then, did they seem
To have the air of commoners or nobles ?

Mar. Oh, sir, of nobles.

Cal. [*aside.*] They are, I know,
My very enemies. The leaves and branches
Are not more corporate with the vital trunk
Than these same creatures with old Santa Cruz.
Well, more of that [*carelessly*]. I'll do all I can for you ;
Yet, I must work with caution.

Mar. Still, you should know
That any hesitation—

Cal. I'll not be slow ;
 [*Patting him on the back and laughing.*]
I never felt such a desire to haste
In anything before. Believe me, sir,
You'll press your lady to your heart again,
Ere the day spends itself.

Mar. You promise this ?

Cal. Nay, nay, I swear it ! [*Raises his hand.*]

Mar. [about to kneel.] Oh! generous friend—

Cal. Come, that hereafter. Now go to your lodgings
And as you were invited to some dance,
Trick yourself in gay habits, but beneath
Wear you a suit of mail. At the hour of five
You must encounter me, as by a chance
Upon the Prado—

Mar. Yes.

Cal. When I'll unfold
The part you are to play in a design
Now fast conceiving here. [Strikes his forehead.

Mar. Rely on me!
I'll serve you in whatever you command,
To win my own Beatrice back again.

Cal. [ringing bell.] Ricardo! [Enter Ricardo.

Ric. Sir?

Cal. Conduct this gentleman
By yon same passage to the public court;
Then to the armory and await my orders.
Remember now, at five.

Mar. I will.

Cal. Farewell!

[Shuts the door after Martin and Ricardo.]

Did ever remedy so swiftly follow
On the disease? They who conspire against me
Have, by this timely outrage, done the Queen
A capital offence. Now I will make
This public pretext serve my private cause,
Using it as an instrument to sweep
These envious rivals of my hard-won power
Forever from my sight. Therefore the Queen
Shall to their treacherous festival to-night,
And I will time my measures, that the girl
Shall there in their possession be declared
Under her eyes. Thus do I make their guilt
A truth notorious as the light of day,
And have the disposition of their lives
At my mere humour. O, the prospect is sweet!
So vanish despair; come joyance, come delight,
For I shall crush my enemies to-night!

ACT SECOND.

SCENE—*A hall in the palace of Santa Cruz; in the rear it is seen to open on a garden lit up with lanterns, etc., as for a night fete. On either side are doors as leading to other rooms R. and L. On the R. a table set with flowers, fruits, wines, etc., at which Uzeda, Sandoval, Carlo, and Lerdo are seated. Guests, masked and otherwise, promenading behind, across lower part of the hall and in the garden. Music.*

Car. What is the hour, Uzeda?

Uz.

Almost nine.

Car. His Highness somehow overstay his time.

San. Could it be that he has outlived his passion,

And left us to make the best of our crime,

After persuading us with so much grace

To its commission?

Ler.

I fear it is so.

Uz. Do not at random thus accuse the Prince.

Were he so frail in nature, he would not

Permit the sufferance of his misdeeds

To fall on others. I stand warrant for that.

Guests [*behind.*] All hail !

Car. Eh, what is this ?

Guests. Long live the Prince !

Omnes [*at table.*] The Prince ?

[*Enter Prince of Spain, gaily dressed, bows R. and L. to guests, and comes forward.*]

Uz. What did I tell you ?

San. Thus I amend

What in my hastiness I said against him :

Long live His Highness !

Uz. So do I respond.

Omnes. And I—and I—

Prince. My thanks, good gentlemen ;

I little merit you should express yourselves

In this kind manner ; for too well I know

That I have tried your patience.

Omnes. Oh, Sir—

Prince. Come now—

Car. Oh, no, Your Highness—you are over prompt,
And we are proud to serve a Prince who keeps

With such religious and pronounced respect
To his engagements.

Prince. You're a sly rogue, Carlo,
And I fear greatly you are laughing at me.

Car. Heaven forbid I should do such a thing—
[*aside*] Before his face. [bold—

Prince [*pulling back a chair.*] Well, I will make so
Uz. [*staying him.*] Oh, no! Your Highness; here is
The chair for you.

Prince [*sitting.*] You are the host, and so I must obey.
Ha! what profusion!

Uz. [*pouring out wine.*] Will you allow me, Prince?

Prince. Be modest, Count; I shall need all my wits
To bear me safely through the sweet affair
We have in train. Now, as respecting that,
How fares our little songstress in her cage?
Mournfully, I suppose?

Omnes [*laughing.*] Oh! not at all.

Prince. How, friends?

Uz. We were no bunglers at our work.
But, on accosting, did persuade our captive
She was, by royal orders, to abide

In this good palace, until such a time
As it might suit the leisure of the Queen
To name her final place of residence.

Prince. And she believed you ?

Uz. Yes, and so does she still. [*All laugh.*]

Prince. Why, then she will be tame, at sight of me !
There'll be no pouting, screaming, wringing hands,
None of that folly, eh ?

Uz. She will receive
Your Highness with the richest of her smiles ;
For, knowing you to be a friend of ours,
She never will suspect—

Prince [*joyfully.*] Now you are men
Who know how to accommodate your Prince.
Pass your hands 'round. I am so overjoyed
I almost wish I was King even now,
So that I might advance you. [*Drinks.*]

Uz. [*aside.*] O, mark you that ?

Omnes [*aside.*] Yes ! yes !

Prince. Good gracious !

[*Enter Santa Cruz from door on opposite side, leading in
Beatrice, prettily arrayed, as for a feast.*]

Omnes. Prince !

Prince. Oh ! look you there. [*All turn.*

Uz. It is our charmer.

[*Prince rises and looks at her, entranced.*]

Car. Oh, to be a Prince !

Santa C. Lo ! Señors, I bring you our fairy Queen.

Omnes [*rising and drinking.*] To the Lady Beatrice !

Bea. Oh, My Lords,

You do confound me with your courtesies ;

You know full well that I deserve them not.

Uz. Your mercy, Lady. You do not see yourself

With the same kind of eyes that others do ;

Beauty is like a genial summer sun,

Which must find worshippers when e'er it shines,

Whether it will or no.

Bea. Oh, my good sir,

I am not used to flatteries like these,

And, if you really seek to pleasure me,

I pray that you conduct me to the Queen,

That I, in duty, may entreat of her

Soon to confirm my place about her person.

Santa C. Why, Lady, are you not contented here ?

Surely, I've sought in every way to make
Your stay a pleasing one.

Bea. I own it, sir ;
But then, you know, I am an humble maid,
And should, in modesty, prefer to be
Under the guardage of the Queen herself
Than any of her nobles.

Prince. In that desire
You shall, fair Lady, soon be gratified.

Bea. Oh, sir, have you the power to promise this ?

Santa C. [aside to others, who laugh.] That is, indeed,

Prince [smiling.] I do not think [sublime.
That any person here, whate'er his prestige,
Would hazard contradiction with his Prince.

Bea. Oh ! are you the Prince ?

Prince. At your fair service.

Bea. Thus, then, in my submission, I incline—

Prince [Raising her up.]

Oh, Lady ! You must not forget yourself !

Bea. I did not know that I was doing wrong ;
I never spoke with majesty before. [moved.

Prince [aside.] What lovely innocence ! I see you're

Yes, I will present you to my mother soon ;
My word upon it.

Bea. Oh ! I thank Your Highness.

Prince. But meanwhile you must in the pleasures share
These gentle Lords have by the Queen's command
Prepared for you to-night. If you permit,
I will for the "Bolero" claim your hand,
Which is commencing now. *[Music without.*

Bea. Oh, Prince, this honor—

Prince. Beauty on its possessor doth bestow
A sovereignty, which to itself commands
Many more subjects than the proudest rank.
So you bestow the honor.
*[Gives his hand gracefully, and leading Beatrice off; the
Courtiers seem in ecstacies.]*

Car. Your hand, good Marquis.

San. You have done well in this, I must avouch !

Santa C. There's commendation ; as ever in my life
I seriously did undertake a thing,
Which I did not do well.

San. I did not mean—

Car. Come, I will make him your apology.

Good Marquis? [Offering a goblet.

Santa C. That I will, Carlo ;

Wine has not passed my lips to-day, and now

My throat cracks for it. [Drinks.

[Enter from the garden Calderon and Ricardo, in masks and dominoes.]

Car. [filling his goblet.] What say you again ?

Santa C. Thank you, good Carlo ! We have won the
Beyond all peradventure of a loss ; [Prince
Think you not so ?

Uz. It is a settled fact.

Cal. [low.] Is it ?

Uz. Who spoke ?

Car. No one.

Uz. [turning around.] I am not sure.

Who are those persons ?

Santa C. Friends to us, of course.

Good gentlemen, will you not drink with us ?

Ric. I will, for one.

Cal. [jerking him from behind.] No you won't.

Ric. I see no harm.

Cal. You will forgive us that we must decline.

We have already loyally partook
From the ordinary tables you have set
Out on the grounds.

Santa C. You are, sir, overnice ;

A simple glass with us—

Cal. Once more, your pardon ;

It is sufficient if you will allow

My comrade and myself to study o'er

The curious paintings you have on these walls.

We are something of artists.

Santa C. As you choose ;

O, a harmless pair !

And the most probable of all our friends

To come disguised.

Car. Yes, they amount to naught.

Do you know, gentlemen, I have on my mind

A most perplexing problem ?

Omnes. What is it, pray ?

Car. Why, now, that we're so sure of Calderon,

By what manner of death ought we to send him

Unto his long account ?

Santa C. That is a puzzle.

There are so many nice and rasping deaths,
It makes one sick to think he cannot make
The imp suffer them all.

Cal. [*fiercely.*] Oh !

San. It is, indeed ;

Upon the whole, though, I propose the rack !

Ler. O, no ; the axe !

Uz. But fire is so slow and sure !

Car. I always had a liking for the rope !

Santa C. And so did I ; a nice and downy rope,
To glide around the neck, like a rose-wreath,
And e're the lightning can dart forth a flash,
Whiff ! and it closes, and the hapless wight
Lands on the other side of Jericho !

I speak for the rope !

Cal. [*aside.*] Do you ?

Uz. Well, we can

Decide all this hereafter ; but for the while,
One rousing glass to our success thus far !

Omnes. [*boisterously.*] Yes—yes—that bottle ; not
so fast, I beg !

[*Enter the Queen and attendants.*]

Car. and Santa C. The Queen! good heavens, here's
an ado!

Queen Is. You well may start and show your guilty
We know the meaning of this revel here, [fears;
And nominate it treason.

Santa C. Your royal leave,
We are at loss to comprehend what you—

Queen Is. If we must be explicit, know then, sir,
You have only assembled here your friends
To plot the ruin of Don Calderon.

Omnes. Oh! my good lady!

Queen Is. Which we denote an act
Alike disloyal and perfidious;
For none, how noble in the State soever,
But should harmoniously comport themselves
Towards the minister most near the throne.
He is, as 'twere, the right arm of the King;
Which must, perforce, hang useless at his side,
If, by your rivalries and base intrigues,
You stand on all occasions in the way
Of its free action.

Santa C. [*sweetly.*] Believe me, gentle Queen,

We do fondly esteem Don Calderon.

Cal. [*aside.*] Yes ; and so he does you.

Santa C. Upon my oath, we do.

Queen Is. Ah ! do you say so ? We'll put you to the
We've ordered Calderon, against his will, [proof !
To come this evening here ; so be you prepared,
Here in our presence, to give him your hands,
And, on the Holy Book, to swear yourselves
To his eternal friendship.

[*Sensation among the conspirators. Calderon smiles.*]

Santa C. But, precious Queen—

Queen Is. You've heard our pleasure ; so, by our return,
Be ready to conform yourselves thereto,
Or to attend the direst penalties
That we can visit on your guilty heads.

[*Exit, with attendants.*]

Cal. How well I wrought the Queen to play this part !
Let us retire, and bide a better time. [*He retires with*

San. Calderon coming here ? [*Ricardo.*

Car. And the Queen here already—

Santa C. Why, it follows,

Should either, as 'tis like, chance on Beatrice,

The consequences to our precious selves
Would be—well, you can fancy.

[*Makes pantomimic saw across his throat.*]

Omnes. True! true!

Car. I wish

That we had never aught to do with her;
I thought she'd end by getting us in trouble.

Ler. What is to be done?

Uz. We must induce the Prince

To lure her from this place upon the hour;
This will be easy, as he doth possess
A pious reputation with the Queen,
And so will make some effort to escape
The loss of it.

Santa C. Let's see to it at once.

Uz. Yes, many a purpose, wise and well conceived,
Miscarries through that mischievous distemper
Which never knows the nice dividing season
Between the thought and act.

Santa C. Then come!

Omnes. Yes, away! [*Calderon and
Ricardo come forward, holding masks in their hands.*]

Cal. Oh, the hypocrisy of Royal Courts,
Where truth, transformed into a shining mask,
Is only worn to hide the hideous blots
Which mar the natural visage. Soft, you now !
Do not cast at an unoffending world
The processes by which yourself did rise.
But so 'tis ever !
Failings that in our neighbors do appear,
As vast as mountains, in our goodly selves
Are only specks. Now, are you sure, Ricardo,
The lady is within ?

Ric. Ay, that I am,
I had it from a babbling waiting maid ;
And this, moreover, her apartment lies
At the far end of a long gallery
You will perceive on opening this door.

Cal. Have you the keys ?

Ric. Yes, Señor ; here they are.

Cal. Are they trustworthy ?

Ric. The best in Madrid ;
They will turn any lock that ere was fashioned.

Cal. Then I will enter—I must see Beatrice,

That I may be assured on evidence
Beyond the fear of contradiction ; she
Is really in the power of my foes.

Ric. Success attend you, sir.

Cal.

Thank you, Ricardo ;

Whilst I am thus engaged remain not here ;
You might be too exposed in such a place
To spying eyes and questions. Remember, then—

[*Exit by first door.*

Ric. Oh ! I will, sir ; for all this I'll remain,
And welcome the invitation I received. [*Points to the*
'Tis said, 'tis sweet to slay an enemy ; [*bottles.*
I find it sweeter far to drink his wine,
When it is worth it ; for enemies I have,
Who on their tables set such arrant poisons,
They could kill anyone whom they disliked
Simply by kindly asking him to dinner.
But here's a problem—a dozen bottles good,
And but one goblet to empty them down.
A knotty contradiction I will solve
By the old rule three.

[*Sets three goblets in line, and pours from the three largest*

bottles into each, drinks one after another and refills in the same manner. Enter Martin Fonseca, who slaps him on the shoulder.]

Mar. So there—

Ric. [*startled.*] Oh! goodness!

Mar. What are you doing?

Ric. Practicing economy.

Wines thus exposed turn sour and are thrown out,
And I was only putting them where they
Would not go to such waste.

Mar. If Calderon knew this—

Ric. But you are too respectable to tell him.

Mar. Where is he?

Ric. On a hunt.

Mar. I understand.

Yet I would like to have some words with him;
I have the guards safely arrived without,
And know not how to introduce them here.

Ric. Oh! I can manage that. There is a gate
To the rear of this palace seldom used,
And for that cause unwatched. Now, with this key,
I will open it for Your Worship as

Freely as—

Mar. That is just what I need ;

Lead me to the spot.

Ric. Soft ; are the guards

Still as you left them ?

Mar. Yes.

Ric. Masks all in place ?

Mar. Exactly.

Ric. Swords at their sides ?

Mart. Yes.

Ric. [*bravely.*] Then come on !

[*Exeunt.*

[*Enter Prince and Beatrice, from the garden.*]

Prince. The Queen here ! To what a strait am I re-
I must, indeed, remove my jewel hence [duced !
If I would keep it.

Bea. Prince.

Prince. Madam ?

Bea. Do you know

Who that grand lady was we passed just now,
And whom you did so quickly—

Prince. Avoid, eh ?

That was a crank old Duchess who dislikes
The very sight of me. We are not on speaking terms.

Bea. 'Tis strange ; I thought that she looked like the
Queen.

Prince. Oh, not at all ; you never saw the Queen ?

Bea. Oh, but I have her portrait.

Prince. A very poor one,

Or it could never cheat your eyes into
So wild a notion. When you see Her Highness
You'll be of my opinion—without doubt.

Bea. I would that could be soon.

Prince. Truly ?

Bea. I do.

Prince. I see that you must be unhappy here ;
Therefore I shall assume it on myself
To grant your wish.

Bea. [*eagerly.*] Prince !

Prince. I'll lead you to the Queen.

Bea. When—when—to-morrow ?

Prince. If you will, to-night.

Bea. Oh, I will bless Your Highness whilst I live
If you do me this favor. It is true

That all are gentle to me in this house,
But there's a terror in my heart withal
Persuades me that my place is by the Queen.

Prince. Very well then ; prepare for your departure ;
I will go forthwith and command the coach
That is to bear you hence.

Bea. To the palace ?

Prince. Yes [*aside*] ; to that which I inhabit, not the
Queen. [*Exit Prince.*]

Bea. How very good in him to serve me thus !
I will obey his bidding, for I yearn
To leave these noisy revels. How is this ?

[*Enter Calderon.*]

A man disguised coming from out the hall
Which leads to my apartment. Oh ! I fear—
I will run to this balustrade, and call
Some passer to my aid.

Cal. [*taking off mask.*] Young woman ; stay !

Bea. Sir ?

Cal. You must not fear. Your name is Beatrice ?

Bea. Yes.

Cal. [*aside.*] So, then, my vengeance is at last secure !

You are astonished, but you do not know
How I rejoice to find you.

Bea. How is it, sir?

Have you been looking for me?

Cal. Ay, I have

Ransacked your room, ev'n from end to end,
In my search for you. See, here is your cloak,
Here your mantilla, and your portrait here—
Objects, I had resolved, should stand for you
In case I found you not.

Bea. What motive, pray,

Had you in such a busy quest for me?

Cal. I'm acting for your lover.

Bea. Lover?

Cal. Yes.

Bea. How know you, but by reason of my sorrows,
I have renounced all thoughts of love?

Cal. Because

You are too young and beauteous a thing,
Thus from a fancy, a conceit of grief,
To hearse your virgin beauties from the world,
And, in the gloom of a despairing heart,

Bury the passionate humors of the blood
As in a grave.

Bea. How you read through my soul!
I do believe, that, like a wise magician,
You could now conjure up before my eyes
The very being of my precious hopes,
If so you would.

Cal. [*glancing aside, sees Martin Fonseca, who has en-*
And, lady, so I can. [*tered.*]

Look there !

Bea. Don Martin !

Mar. [*embracing her.*] Beatrice !

Cal. Alas !

I had such sweet affections in my youth ;
But they are withered now.

Mar. Oh ! Beatrice !

How happy 'tis that we arrive in time
To save you from your peril.

Bea. Peril !

Cal. Yes !

You were a lamb here in the midst of wolves,
And did not know it. The nobles now approach,

And we our explanations must defer,
To calmer moments. Get you both in here,
And be as noiseless as you were two statues
Till the event evolves that will unfold
What you're to do?

Mar. But—

Cal. I know your temper,
But this you must restrain, and not give vent.
Are the guards now within?

Mar. They are, my Lord,
And it was to report this service done
I came here only now.

Cal. All is ready, then;
Do as I bade you.

Mar. Am I to basely wait?—

Cal. They are upon us.

Mar. Still—

Cal. 'Twill be too late
If you longer delay ; within, I charge you !
[Directs them to a door opposite to that leading to Beatrice's
apartment ; they enter, Martin reluctantly.]
Now for a ready change of this costume

And then to make these waspish insects feel
What 'tis to venture 'neath a great man's heel. [Exit.

[Enter the Conspirators.]

Santa C. Just tarry here awhile until I note
Whether the Prince hath kept his promise to us,
And borne the maiden hence. [Exit into first door.

Uz. See to it quick, then.

The Queen in a few seconds will be here,
To know our answer to her ultimatum.
We will give our hands to Don Calderon ;
Will we not, Señors ?

San. I think it better,
The King will ere a month be in his grave ;
And as we then will be advanced to power,
We can amend ourselves for this dishonor
In Calderon's death.

Car. That is my notion, too ;
Resistance now might utterly undo us ;
And, for my part, I see no earthly use
In getting punished more than we can help.

[Enter Santa Cruz.]

What news, good Marquis ?

Santa C. Splendid ; she 's not there ;
Even her small effects have disappeared,
Showing His Highness has prevailed, and she
Hath gone from here with him.

Car. Bravissimo !
Now let a hundred Calderons come ! Who cares ?
[*Music. Enter Queen, attendants, guests, and Bernardo,*
with guards, in masks and dominoes, who range them-
selves as carelessly behind the conspirators ; lastly, enter
Calderon, gayly dressed, who takes his position apart.]
Queen Is. Well, gentlemen, have you decided yet
Upon an answer ?

Uz. Yes, Lady, we have ;
Though we protest Your Highness is deceived,
And that we prize your noble minister ;
Yet, for the sake of concord we consent
To bind ourselves henceforward to observe
The holiest terms of amity with him,
And so in sanction hold our willing hands
Ready to welcome his.

Queen Is. You hear, My Lord ?
We are astonished that you answer not,

But twist your scornful lips, and turn your eyes
With hateful looks from those who would be friends.
We hope you will not prove like a spoiled child,
And peevishly refuse a favor, now
That it was once denied.

Cal. I can forgive
Injuries that are done against myself;
Not those against the Queen.

Queen Is. How?

Cal. All the world knows
A crime against Your Highness was committed
Only to-day.

Queen Is. Well?

Cal. And that I was commissioned
To find the perpetrators of the deed?

Queen Is. We do confess it.

Cal. Well, that duty is done;
And by St. Michael and the saints, I swear
That here they are!

[*Movement by all.*

Queen Is. Señor!

Santa C. It is a slander!

Car. O, no! a little joke!

Queen Is.

You must beware

How you accuse gentlemen of this stamp ;
And to advance such charges, without proof,
On your mere statement—

Cal.

Touch me not so close ;

For if, in confirmation of my word,
Your servant be not found in durance here,
Let my life answer for it.

Car.

Say your prayers, then.

Cal. Do you defy me to the search ?

Omnès.

We do.

Santa C. Nay, more ; we're ready to assist you in it,
If you will follow.

Cal.

Lead on ?

Uz. [*pushing open 1st door.*] Will you try here ?

San. [*2d door.*] Or here ?

Car. [*3d door.*] Or here ?

Santa C. [*4th door.*] Or—O, the devil, Oh !

[*Beatrice and Martin appear, and at a rapid sign from Calderon, go and kneel before the Queen ; a profound sensation amongst all present ; the conspirators confused, return to their places in front of the guards ; Calderon*

smiles at them triumphantly. Enter the Prince behind.]

Prince. The coach is ready—ha! this is no place for me. *[Exit.*

Cal. Now, Señors, where will you invite me next?

Santa C. Your Majesty—

Queen Is. Not a word!

Santa C. We can explain—

Queen Is. We have seen with our eyes, and are convinced. Don Calderon, go unto the outer postern *[vinced.*
And bid our guards to come and seize these people!

Cal. I need not go so far. Men, to your duty!

[Guards quickly throw off dominoes and masks, and stand revealed with drawn swords.]

Queen Is. This foresight is, indeed, commendable ;
See that they are closely confined to-night ;
But, with the early morning, have them brought
For judgment to our palace.

Cal. So, you hear?

I thank you greatly that you save Her Grace

A tedious discussion upon that!

You like the rack ; you, the sharp-cutting axe ;

You, the slow pangs of fire ; and both of you

Have such a dainty relish for the rope !

Well, I'll not prove ungrateful, for I swear

You all shall have your choice. Away with them !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

[*Tableau.*]

ACT THIRD.

SCENE—a room in the Palace, looking out on the river—

Calderon observed writing at a table—Ricardo is passing across the apartment in the rear.

Cal. Ricardo !

Ric. Sir ?

Cal. Are the prisoners here ?

Ric. They are, Señor.

Cal. Go, then, inform the Queen

That I am ready to begin the trial

When it may suit her pleasure.

Ric. I obey, sir. [*Exit.*

Cal. 'Tis only their perdition makes me safe ;

For, though I hold them at no worthy rate,

They are as perilous as grosser game ;

The single panther is not more a fear

Than a hive of malignant wasps, that smite

With all their fangs at once. So, I move not

From purposes revengeful, but the law,

Which makes the preservation of our being
An obligation beyond every means
However ghastly to the general eye.
Therefore, be still, my conscience, nor distract
My future courses with unquiet thoughts !
For, though their fall be direful in th' extreme,
'Tis but the dread and terrible rebound
Made by the murderous missile they had aimed
Against my harmless life. So, once more, be still !
They've lost the bloody stake for which they played :
Theirs, then, the forfeit, if it must be paid.

[*He continues to write—enter the Prince of Spain, who
advances on tip-toe, and touches Calderon on the
shoulder.*]

Cal. Ah ! my Prince !

Prince. How does Your Worship ?

Cal. Well.

Prince. Are you in humor ?

Cal. Surprisingly so.

Prince. I rejoice to hear it ;

For now you may be more disposed to grant
A favor I'd ask of you.

Cal. A favor, Prince?

Prince. Yes; I want you to help me to a lady
With whom I am in love.

Cal. And tell me, pray,
Who is the fair one that doth charm you so?

Prince. Lady Beatrice.

Cal. [*rising.*] Here is damnation!
How should I aid you in such an affair?
That hapless maiden is your mother's ward,
And so beyond my power.

Prince. Oh, if you choose,
You could so wisely manage my good mother,
She would prove no excuse. Why, I have seen
People of the most trained and steady minds
So mastered by the witchcraft of your power,
That they have served your purposes with deeds
Their reasoning moments would have shunned like pitch.
'Tis not the faculty—it is the will
You want to aid you.

Cal. Well, I will own it;
You are the heir presumptive, and I have
Far too much reverence for your princely place

To flatter you in lustful phrenzies, which
Must tarnish it with shame. Why, it is strange
That you have not this nice regard yourself,
And, by a speedy mastery of your blood,
Make some endeavor—

Prince. Enough of this, I pray ;
When I do need a sermon I will go
To my confessor. Now hear me, Calderon :
It is apparent I shall soon be King ;
And even already am I much harassed
Concerning my advisers. Consider, then,
How you conduct yourself in my opinion,
Lest, by an unwise opposition, you
Ruin the golden promises which break
On your ambition.

Cal. Oh, my gracious Prince !
You do not know, perchance, this gentle maid
Is sworn to the possession of another—
A gallant soldier in your father's ranks,
Who doats upon her looks.

Prince. Let him renounce her,
And he shall have an houri in her place.

Nay, more, I swear he shall be made a Duke,
And be endowed with castles and demesnes
To make the title good.

Cal. He would not consent.

Prince. Then you must. [so base ?

Cal. What ! to my friend prove

Prince. But to your Prince show yourself so loyal.

Come, Calderon, by all the hopes you found
Upon the favor of my near succession,
You must accord this.

Cal. I tell you frankly, no.

Prince. Is this your answer ?

Cal. It is.

Prince. Then beware !

I have more power than you do suppose.

Cal. I hold my office from the King alone ;
That you cannot impeach.

Prince. So you despise me !

Cal. At least, I fear you not.

Prince. You do not ? Now !

Before this day is older you shall find

The whelp has claws as well as the grown lion. [Exit.

Cal. That he is dangerous I do believe ;
But I will clip his threatening fangs so close
That he shall hiss as harmless in my way
As an Indian aspic in the hands
Of a snake-charmer !

[*Flourish.*

[*Enter Martin Fonseca.*]

Mar. Oh, my noble Lord !

Cal. How now, Don Martin? What is it moves you so ?

Mar. Oh, sir ; the palace is on every side
By a most violent rabble now begirt,
Who threaten vengeance on the Queen and you,
If you condemn the nobles.

Cal. Is that all ?

Mar. I fear you not understand the danger ;
Their numbers are so vast.

Cal. Their numbers ? Pshaw !
The numbers of a greasy, clownish crowd.
Were they as countless as the flies of Egypt,
They would not dare to throw a single pebble
Against the castle, from whose summit floats
The banner of the King.

[*Shouts outside.*

Mar. You hear, my Lord ?

Cal. And with great pleasure ; sounds of tumult are
The most musical marriage bells to greet
A soldier's wedding day.

Mar. Whose wedding day ?

Cal. Your own.

Mar. Mine ?

Cal. Yes. Now hearken to me
I have been thinking, after what has past, [well :
The Court, with its seductive lures, no place
For your Beatrice ; and I therefore deem
It would not be improvident in you
To marry her with all the speed you may,
And to remove her hence.

[*Enter the Queen, unperceived.*]

Mar. Such is my wish ;
But it may be forbidden by the Queen.
I hear she holds Beatrice in such love
She would not part with her.

Cal. But then, she is
So gentle in her nature, 'tis not like
She'd sacrifice the happiness of two lives
To her own fancy.

Queen Is. [*advancing.*] You are right, my Lord.

Cal. How now ; the Queen ?

Queen Is. Most happily arrived !

We know the sentiments Beatrice bears
Towards this gentleman, whilst others have
Convinced us by unanswerable proofs
He is worthy of them. You have our consent
To call your lady by the name of wife
When it may please you, sir !

Mar. [*kneeling.*] Oh ! my Queen !

How can I thank you for a grace so far
Beyond my best deserving ?

Queen Is. Simply by
Showing yourself as worthy in command,
As you have done in service ; from this hour
Be you a general to the King of Spain.

Mar. [*rising astonished.*] What ! I a general ?

Queen Is. You won the grade
Long ere we tardily confer on you
The right to wear it. Go now, seek your bride
And bring her hither, that she may receive
Your regular commission from our hands :

It is to be her dower.

[*Moves to the table.*]

Mar.

I would, indeed,

That she should bless Your Majesty for me ;

Since with your bounty I am so confused

I scarce can speak.

[*He goes to Calderon, who is standing a little back.*]

Cal. [*tapping him on the back.*] Hail to you, General !

Mar. Oh ! Calderon ! I must owe this to you ?

Cal. Refer not to it.

Mar. [*wringing him by the hand.*] There ! I knew I did !

Cal. Pray, sir ! remember I've a courtier's hand,

And you a soldier's grip. Leave hold, I say,

Or I will have you made a corporal.

There is the chamber where your duty lies ;

So go, my cherub.

[*Exit Don Martin, joyfully.*]

Ah ! my dainty Prince !

First learn to wear the scholar's rawness off,

Ere you cope with the master. Beatrice now

A stranger to the court, your idle passion

Will smother itself out in its own smoke,

And you will hardly know of this dispute

Than you'll be mine again.

Queen Is.

My Lord !

Cal.

Lady !

Queen Is. Have you decided on the penalties
Due to those nobles?

Cal.

Yes, my gracious Lady.

You'll find the judgments to be passed on each,
Written in order here. [Points to paper on table.

Queen Is.

It is well !

Go, therefore, and within our council hall
Assemble all our retinue and court,
With such impressive pageantry as may
Suit the high occasion of the offence
And our decision ; for so doth it chance
That ceremonials and potential shows,
And all the tawdry attributes of power,
Carry with the sluggish and unreas'ning herd
Far more authority and reverence
Than the power itself.

Cal. [bowing.]

I shall in all

Endeavor to obey Your Highness !

(Calderon goes to rear exit—Prince confronts him ; both
look at each other steadily a few seconds, when Calderon

steps aside, bows, lets the Prince pass, and as he retires casts a glance back and smiles.]

Prince. He seems to triumph o'er me. Well, we shall
Who will triumph to-morrow, I, or he. [see
Good mother !

Queen Is. Prince ?

Prince. Can you grant me your ear ?

Queen Is. At another time.

Prince. Why not now ?

Queen Is. [*points to her writing.*] You see—

Prince. But what I have to say imports so much—

Queen Is. [*rising, and folding her writing.*]

You must excuse us [*bell rings*], but you hear that
bell ?

It doth announce the process now begins,
And we are summoned.

Prince. Stay, stay, Madam !

It is of that precisely I would speak.

Queen Is. Indeed !

Prince. Yes. Tell me, pray, how are you to decide
Upon your prisoners ?

Queen Is. There you may perceive !

[*Prince takes up a paper from the table, reads it, and then calmly tears it to pieces.*]

Prince. There !

Queen Is. Why, Philip !

Prince [*carelessly.*] Madam !

Queen Is. What do you mean ?

Prince. I do not wish to see your holy lips

Borrow the ignominies cited there

Upon the innocent.

Queen Is. The innocent ?

Prince. I swear it, by the sanctity of my faith.

Queen Is. Then who is guilty ?

Prince. Your son.

Queen Is. This is but jesting ;

Or, at the best, a generous sacrifice,

To save your friends.

Prince. O, judge me not so gently !

When, in the church of Burgos, we first chanced

Upon that fair perfection of a maid,

I felt I never would know peace again

Till she was mine.

Queen Is. Do we live to hear this ?

Prince. I grieve to shatter your fond idol so ;
But ere we do accept a good opinion
We should deserve it. Know, mother, from the time
This hot infection first did fire my blood,
I had the guilty business on my thoughts
Which hath arraigned the highest names in Spain
At your dread bar to-day.

Queen Is. And it was you—?

Price. Ordained and had the iniquity done.

Queen Is. Oh ! son, how you are fallen !

Prince. I know ; but

King David, justified by years of grace,
Fell through temptation. And, if such a blast
Could overturn the gnarled and rugged oak,
How should a weed withstand it ? Bear with me, then !
Penance may render me what once I was ;
But, meanwhile, do not add unto my pain
By making others suffer for my crime.
Remember this, good mother, as you hope
For your son's pardon. This shot has bravely told :
Now, for the Grand Inquisitor to end
What hath so well begun.

[*Exit.*

Queen Is.

Alas ! Alas !

Was ever misery so sharp as this ?

All the fond hopes I had set on this boy

Gone in a breath ! And, if it had been else !

Some ghastly wound that might again be healed ;

Some hideous sickness, kindling our worst fears,

Yet some time to decline—but his young soul

Deflowered of its sweetness and made rank

By the grosser corruptions of the flesh—

Oh, 'tis enough to bring one to the grave !

[*Her head sinks into her hands. Enter Martin and Beatrice, who kneel before her.*]

Bea. Most Gracious Lady—

Queen Is. [*starting up.*] Hah ! what would you have ?

Bea. Your blessing, madam.

Queen Is.

For what should we bless you ?

That you have turned our quiet to despair,

And made the sunshine of our happy life

Black as the vapors that are nightly bred

On Lethean pools ? Out of our path, we say,

Lest in our anger—

Bea.

Alas ! what means Your Highness ?

Queen Is. What mean we, minion! That you are a
Begotten under most pernicious stars, [leper,
To blast the promise and the grace of youth
With your deadly contagion. What mean we, schemer!
That by the tricks which faithless beauty arms
Against the poor unguarded props of sense,
You have traduced our Prince!

Bea. [horrified.] Oh, my sweet Mistress!

Queen Is. O, I know well how you can change o'color,
And bring the ready freshet to the eye,
And fall into strange spasms of surprise,
So as almost to shake the justest notions
Out of all joint. But this shall serve you not!
'Tis certain you have overcome our son
By some demoniac practice as would shame
To bear the public light.

Bea. If I have done this—

Queen Is. Nay, but you have; for how else could a
So reverent from his cradle to this hour, [Prince,
At all the holy offices of prayer,
That his vocation seemed to be miscast,
Forswear the golden treasures of his soul

For a mere toy of fancy? I say it is
Contrary to all argument and sense,
Nor feasible, save by such malign arts
As you have used upon him.

Bea.

Oh, sweet Lady,

But question thoroughly into all this,
And if you find in any act of mine
The drift of any culpable intent,
Let me suffer for it.

Queen Is.

We need no further proof

To be convinced against you, and so charge
As the invited penalty of your fault,
That you, for all your coming days, shall be
Immured from freedom at the Ursulines!
Happily the reverent mother of that order
Is now attending here and will not need
A hasty sending for. So be you prepared
To follow her forthwith into the convent,
Where you may come to learn in wholesome time
What a sinful and treacherous thing it was
To raise your giddy eyes up to a Prince. [Exit.

Bea. Oh, Martin, now she is estranged from me!

Mar. This is the work of some malicious knave.

Bea. How can that be? Sure, I have never giv'n
Reason to anyone for such ill-will.

Mar. The reason's in your beauty, which hath caught
Some hot and wilful eye. For, to speak truly,
This is a jewel for which men have sworn
False testimony to a brother's harm ;
Forgotten holy marriage vows, and left
Children to famine, wives to widowed beds ;
For this frail bauble, pure and truthful lips
For the first time have lied ; and it is said
That saintly men have, in return for this,
The beaten ways of godliness forsook,
And sold the heavenly portion of their souls
Unto the evil one. There is no woe
But doth in some way from this fountain flow.

[*Enter an Abbess.*]

Abb. Are you the Lady Beatrice?

Bea. I am, madam.

Abb. It is your duty, then, to go with me.

Mar. Woman, but lay hands on her—

Abb. How is this, sir ;

You dare defy the mandate of the Queen?

[*Runs to the rear; waves her hand.*]

Assistance here!

Bea. Oh, Martin! I implore you,
Do not, by this rash violence, lose yourself.
Her Highness, as you think, has been abused,
And with the error only shall we bide
In her displeasure. If you love me, then,
Do not resist this order.

Mar. I lost you once
By risking you a moment from my side;
I will not so again.

[*Abbess comes forward with Bernardo and guards, who have entered.*]

Abb. Now, will you, sir,
In wilful stubbornness, still pit yourself
Against the Queen's command?

Mar. I were content
To have the living flesh hacked off my bones
And baits made of the clips to diet worms,
If so it pleased the Queen. But thus to tear
The jewel of my life from out my heart,

And leave me nothing but the bleeding wrack—
I would not bear it though a thousand queens,
Armed with the living thunder of the gods,
Compelled me to the suff'rance.

Bea.

Oh, my good mother!

Heed not what this unruly soldier says;
He is not learned in civil ceremonies,
And little knows how to smooth his address
Unto a lady's ears. I will go with you!

Mar. [*advancing.*] Beatrice!

Ber.

Hold, Señor!

Mar. [*pushing him away.*] Menial, stand aside!

Ber. Thus are we bound, sir, to obey the Queen!

Mar. And thus I—[*He engages with the guards, breaks through them, and is about to seize Beatrice, when Calderon enters and stays him. Position.*]

Cal.

Don Martin, are you mad?

Put up your weapons! Take the lady hence,
And let the bidding of the Queen be done!

Mar. But my good, sir!

Cal.

Not a word, I command!

[*Waves the Abbess to go. She and Beatrice exeunt.*]

Escort the Abbess, Señor, with your guards,
Far as the convent. *[Exeunt Bernardo and guards.]*

In vain you struggle, sir!

You shall not follow. Come, be more a man;
I am as shocked by this affair as you,
And by it lose as much.

[Enter Prince P.; seeing Calderon engaged, he retires behind a pillar.]

Mar. Then tell me, wherefore

You have shown so much spirit to confirm
The cruel order?

Cal. Why, because I wished
To save you, Martin! Are you not aware
The only consequence of your hot folly
Would be the rack or prison, whilst you lost
Your lady too?

Mar. Oh, sir, it was so hard
To see her torn from me!

Cal. I know it, friend;
But for all that, I say, cheer up and hope!
A convent may have walls, but it has doors.

Mar. Oh, sir, what do you—?

Cal. When Dian begins
To gild this night, meet me at Ponto Corvo,
And you shall know.

Mar. [*pointing.*] You mean old church ruins,
Which frown so grandly o'er the Manzanares?

Cal. The same.

Mar. Will you not tell me now
What you intend?

Cal. No; your impatience might
Attempt my project ere it be mature.
Will you be there?

Mar. If thus I regain Beatrice?

Cal. That I do warrant.

Mar. Truly?

Cal. On my word.

Mar. I will be there.

Cal. Enough; I ask no more.

Get you gone now, while you in safety may;
But keep your promise as you value life. Go.

[*Exit Martin.*]

Surely the ways of woman are past all
Sense or conceiving. Within a little hour

The Queen, a breathing mercy and delight,
Did cherish young Beatrice, as she were
A dove upon her finger. But in a whiff,
Without one motive or a seeming cause,
She falls upon her like a hungry hawk,
And makes her bleed for it. Oh, more than strange !
But though right royal, and to be obeyed,
I will not let her humor caper so ;
For how she thunder now in this, and storm,
Martin shall have his own.

Prince [*interceptingly.*] A word with you.

Cal. [*passing him by.*] Your pardon ; I must to the
[judgment hall.

Prince. What ! to witness the triumph of your foes ?
You wonder—but the Queen, my royal mother,
Hath, at my prompt solicitation, set
The prisoners free. Do you not hear ? [*Shouts outside.*

Cal. Confusion !

Prince. Yes ! From criminals I have promoted them
To be your judges. Even now, Uzeda
Is, by my orders, seeking you, to take
Your person into charge.

Cal. Your orders—pooh !

Prince. It is not my presumption, but a crime
Gives me this power.

Cal. [*startled.*] A crime !

Prince. By you committed.

Cal. When ?

Prince. In your youth.

Cal. I challenge you to the proof !

Prince. Be not so forward ; I have bought your secret.

Cal. What secret ?

Prince. Why, that for so many years
Locked in the breast of holy Aliaga.

Cal. What, has the wretch— ?

Prince. Yea ; he has told me all.

Cal. May all hell's fires be gathered in a heap,
To burn him and his perjury forever !

Prince. So, you perceive I have a hold on you.

Cal. Which you intend making an instrument
To cause my ruin ?

Prince. O, that you will decide.

Cal. I ?

Prince. I will engage to keep your secret safe,

On one condition.

Cal. What is that?

Prince. That you

Allow me to replace your young gallant

In the affair you contemplate to-night

At Ponto Corvo.

Cal. What then, have you heard?

Prince. Yes ; everything relating to the plot.

Cal. Proceed, then, with your vengeance ; I refuse
To betray my friend.

Prince [*carelessly.*] As you please. Farewell ! [*Stopping.*
You may expect Uzeda here anon,
Armed with such powers—

[*Going.*

Cal. One moment ; I beg
You do not heap contumely on my fall.

Uzeda is my bitterest enemy,

And, to put this commission in his hands,

Would be such mockery—

Prince. O, you know not all ;
Sandoval, Santa Cruz, and the whole tribe,
I have predestined, like so many crows,
To croak you glibly from the scaffold off,

The day you are caparisoned for death
Upon the Plaza !

Cal. Not on the Plaza—no ;
That is where thieves and ruffians only die.
Oh, let the question tear my limbs apart ;
Let me broil slowly o'er some quenchless fire ;
Let my last agonies outdo the worst
Saintly martyrs have borne ; but let it be
Far from the tainting stare of vulgar eyes,
Feasting on fallen greatness.

Prince. Your patience, sir ;
You are too grand to die a private death,
So, fare you well !

Cal. Oh, ask of me else you will !

Prince. I will not bate one tittle of my bargain—
Your ministry, your honors and your life
Against that maiden's love.

Cal. If I refuse ?

[*Uzeda and guards, in black robes, appear in rear ; the conspirators follow, and jeer pantomimically at Calderon.*]

Prince. [*pointing.*] There is my answer !

Cal. [*shuddering.*] Oh, is it possible? after such a life!
The envy and the marvel of all men,
To perish like a cut-throat or a dog,
Upon a common place!

Prince. Look you to that!

Cal. And these—these patches—these low creeping
To track the lion's carcass with their slime— [things,
This is the worst, the very worst of all!
Death I despise; but shame I cannot face;
So, unremorseful fiend—

Prince. How now, Señor!

Cal. Take you my fallen soul!

[*Falls on his knees beside the Prince, his head turned aside
to Uzeda.*]

Prince. Hah! you consent?

Cal. Oh!

Prince. [*to Uzeda, still approaching.*] Now, touch him

Uz. [*starting back.*] Perdition! [if you dare!

[*All positions to be retained till fall of curtain.*]

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE—*The ruins of Ponto Corvo—a church in the distance; the moon rising. Enter Martin Fonseca.*

Mar. This should be the place ; how cheerless and how
'Tis not so, either ; in the convent there, [drear !
My own Beatrice is imprisoned now,
And her near presence makes this dark eclipse
Bright as the matin hour. I wonder much
What Calderon would to me here unfold !
If in the range of venture it do lie,
I'll prove my daring every way a match
For his conception. Oh, my dear master !

[*Enter Calderon, with a lantern.*]

Cal. Is it you, Martin ?

Mar. Do you not know me ?

Cal. You are punctual.

Mar. Oh, not more than you.

Cal. [*troubled.*] Our time is precious, and I may as well
Unto my plan at once.

Mar. [*eagerly.*] Yes, my good Lord.

Cal. Know then, I do propose to steal Beatrice
From yonder convent. Let not this amaze you !
I am no stranger to the solemn place,
And once within its precincts, can not fail
To gain her chamber.

Mar. But, sir, am I not
To bear you company in the attempt ?

Cal. No ; this is something for which I alone
Am fit by nature. Therefore, by this light,

[*He holds up the lantern.*]

Write a few lines of counsel to your love,
To trust herself without reserve to me,
And follow at my word.

Mar. [*taking pencil and paper out of pocket, and writ-*

I'll do it, Señor. [*ing.*]

And yet, methinks she would put faith in you
Without my bidding.

Cal. I want to be sure.

Mar. [*giving paper.*] Will that suffice ?

Cal. [*reading.*] Yes ; now, Martin, for your part :
Have here two horses, well equipped for flight,

Ready by my return. On their swift backs
You may ere dawn gain the town of Fuencarral,
Where, joined in holy wedlock by some priest,
You may defy the arbitrary hand
That would asunder rend what heaven has joined.

Mar. Oh! Calderon, you are my guiding star!
I will forthwith obey you.

Cal. Soft! Don Martin.

Mar. Sir!

Cal. Your hand! It hath an honest, healthy glow;
Would that I only had the heart which warms it!

Mar. You would not profit by the change.

Cal. [*aside.*] Alas!
How I wish you could always think of me
As you do now!

Mar. And that will I, My Lord.
When I forget all that I owe to you,
I shall be lost to principle, indeed.
Farewell, now, Señor.

[*Exit.*

Cal. Farewell! my friend.
Oh! It is not a vulgar fear to die
Makes me a villain! And were it only that—

Cal. If you will spare her not, then pity me.

Prince. Nonsense, old fellow ! When this thing is done,
You'll wonder it ever cost you a pang,
So simple it will seem. Come, tell me now :
When may I hope to find my charmer here ?

Cal. See you anything in the moonlight there ?

Prince. Yes ; 'tis my mother and her pious train,
Bound for St. Michael's Abbey, to assist
At evening vespers.

Cal. She will pass this way ?

Prince. Yes.

Cal. Then to this service go with her along ;
But on the chanting of the Miserere
Slip you back hither, and you shall obtain
The idol of your soul.

Prince. [*wringing Calderon's hand.*]

This sounds like wisdom.

Why, my good Marquis, to be open with you,
I always did affect you and your parts ;
And however I may have seemed at times
To steer against you in my flippant humors,
I had ever elected you should be

My only minister, when chance of time
Would make me King. Yea, and now I'll confess,
I did but trifle with your enemies,
And think no more of nominating them
To the direction of the helm of State
Than hitching monkeys to a gilded coach. [Laughs.
Believe me, Marquis, I esteem you highly.

Cal. [gravely.] I'm bounden to Your Highness now
One word more. [and ever.

Prince. Well?

Cal. [pointing.] Are those your guards yonder?

Prince. Yes.

Cal. I want your ring then.

Prince. Wherefore?

Cal. I'll need those men

To help me in my present enterprise.

Prince. There it is. [Gives ring.

Cal. Remember what I have said.

[Aside.] Now all ye virtues cry a thousand shames
Upon the heart where you are but vain names. [Exit.

Prince. He goes to seek Beatrice. Alas! Alas!

Am I not to deface this beauteous rose

By plucking it from off the virginal stem,
Where now it blows so sweet? Ah, conscience, no!
For it will be transplanted to my heart,
Where it shall take root in a better soil, [Kneels.
And bloom all the more fair. My gracious mother.
[Enter Queen Isabella and train, with Santa Cruz, Uzeda,
Lerdo, Sandoval, and Carlo.]

Queen Is. This humbleness proclaims a blessing, son;
We trust you have repented of the fault
You confessed us ere while.

Prince. Madam, I have—
And most celestially I feel for it.
I now perceive the fancies of the world
Are but so many trickeries and gawds,
By the calm sweets of virtue.

Queen Is. How you charm us!
Yet, Philip, we would have you to remember
That for a conscience to be wholly pure,
Enmity and contrition must not bide
In the same heart at once. Therefore, this grudge
You entertain towards Don Calderon—

Prince. Still may I satisfy you on that score;

I've reconciled myself to him again.

Queen Is. You have done wisely ; never was a man
So necessary to a king as he ;
And you had done an injury to yourself
By letting private quarrel or dispute
Deprive you of his counsel !

Santa C. Your Royal leave—
But Calderon was taken to account,
Not on a private, but a public charge ;
And we look on his absolution thus
As a general wrong.

Prince. Not so fast, good Marquis ;
My accusation was a simple feint
To rule his stubbornness into my will ;
With which confession make yourself content,
And at your peril, now, impute him guilt !
Will you to church, good Lady ?

Queen Is. Yes, Philip ;
And now the prayer of my heart shall be,
That you may never fall from grace again.

Prince. [*aside.*] Considerate Mother !

Queen Is. Prince !

Prince.

I follow you.

[*Exeunt Queen and train.*]

Santa C. Calderon guilty of no crime ?

Uz.

He is ;

And no one knows it better than the Prince.

San. Why, then, should he wish to conceal it thus ?

Uz. I know not ; lest at present he may need

The hand of Calderon rather than his head.

Now, you will own, could we come by that secret

We were soon rid of him ?

Santa C.

Ay, very true ;

What if we try to squeeze it out of the Prince ?

Car. Do not attempt it. I addressed His Highness

An inquisitive question on that point,

And got for answer a whack from his cane.

I did enquire no further.

San.

Moreover, you

Have heard what a suspicion so expressed

Would cost us now.

Santa C.

How, then, are we ever—

Uz. By worming it from the same person who

Revealed it to the Prince.

Omnes. And who is that?

Uz. The Grand Inquisitor.

Santa C. How do you know?

Uz. No matter now! When vespers have been sung,
Let us accost our man on the affair,
With such temptations he cannot resist,
Unless he be a saint.

Santa C. Then we'll succeed ;
I know Aliaga, and he is no saint.

Uz. Come, then, rejoin the royal retinue
Ere it attain the Abbey. We shall thus,
By seeming promptness for the sacred service,
Purchase our sov'reign's favor, if not heaven's.

Ler. Let us hope for that, too.

Santa C. Yea, I can see
No greater sin in hunting down this wretch
Than in destroying lizards, bats, and toads,
And all such noxious things. So then to church,
And pray for blessings on our present hope
Of bringing him at least into the-rope. [*Exeunt omnes.*
[*Enter first Bernardo and Guards, who range themselves in
the shadows of the ruins, and then Martin Fonseca.*]

Mar. I have the horses ready at command,
As Calderon bade me. He is no longer here,
And, therefore, on this enterprise engaged ;
How kindly of him, at his peril, thus
To gratify an humble cavalier,
Who can return him nothing but—

Ber. There's your man !

[*Guards, who have been sneaking up from behind, here seize on Don Martin.*]

Mar. Ho ! Caitiffs, thieves ! Now, you treacherous curs,
My arm is free ; approach me, if you dare !

Ber. Do not attempt to make resistance, sir ;
We are officers of the government,
And have commission to arrest you !

Mar. And for what reason ?

Ber. [*handing paper.*] Here, you may see, sir.

Mar. The moon is not so dim, but I may read, [*reads.*
Because, without leave, I have overstaid
My absence from the army by a day ;
Signed by the Queen.

Ber. Signed by the Queen, you say ?

Mar. Look !

Ber. Are you and Calderon on evil terms ?

Mar. On the contrary.

Ber. Well, this is certain,

The Queen ne'er signed a document of State,
Which Calderon has not first supervised,
And by his word approved.

Mar. But, for all that,

I know full well he never saw this writ.

Ber. Why, sir, he gave it unto me himself.

Mar. Who ! Calderon ?

Ber. Yes.

Mar. Man, you must be mad.

Why, I am one of his more special friends,
And 'tis a supposition most absurd
That he would ever shame the love he bears me,
By such an act as this.

Ber. Now, my good sir,

To show you the error of your conceit,
Know that he ordered me, by word of mouth,
To make sure of you ; nay, 'tis his command
That you be lodged in a dark prison, where
No sympathizing friend can ever come

To hear of your arrest.

Mar. Can this be true?

Ber. I'm sorry that my office thus compels me
To prove it to you.

Mar. He did speak, indeed
Most strangely when I left him here, but now.
Ye gracious heavens! Have I been ensnared,
Or have I labored but to throw my pearl
Into a robber's purse? If it be thus,
I here cast friendship to the hollow winds,
And to the blood red spirits of revenge
Devote my life and sword.

Ber. Oh! will you kill him?

Mar. Should knavery survive a deed like this?

Ber. Indeed it should not, and I cry good speed!
He had my brother basely put to death,
Upon a slight and frivolous pretence,
And I would see him rot!

Mar. Such your feeling,
Release me from this durance, that at once
I may assail him!

Ber. Your pardon, sir! I am

An officer, and must obey all orders,
Even when issued by those I abhor !
But thus I will advise you, sir. Propose
The vengeance you burn to break on the churl
To some one of his enemies, who has
Influence with the King ; he will procure
On this condition your most prompt release,
And then—

Mar. Who is a proper one for this?—

Ber. The Count Uzeda.

Mar. He is also my foe.

Ber. A vantage—hunt the tiger with the wolf.

Mar. But we cannot communicate together.

Ber. [*looking around cautiously.*]

I'll bear all letters that may pass between you.

Mar. A generous offer ; how can I reward it ?

Ber. [*patting Martin's sword hilt.*]

By giving Calderon your best dose of this,
When you have met him.

Mar. Rest assured on that !

I am a soldier, but never in my life
Have I made enemy so sure a corse

As I shall hack out of this whilome friend,
If I do find him haggard. So, then, away!
That I may sooner bring this beast to bay! [Exeunt.

[Bernardo takes two guards with him, and motions the rest
to remain about the ruins. Enter cautiously Calderon
and Beatrice, the latter in a cloak. Calderon puts the
lantern on a rock.]

Cal. The guards nowhere in sight? Doubtless they've
The work unto their duty I assigned; [done
Alas! poor Martin!

Bea. Noble sir!

Cal. Did you speak?

Bea. Yes, Señor; is this the place?

Cal. It is, Lady.

Bea. It is strange, then, Martin should not be here.

Cal. He will be here, anon.

Bea. He's most remiss;

It seems that if he loved me really well,
He would outspeed, not fall behind the hour.

Cal. Be not impatient—he will surely come.
You should be weary—come now, rest awhile
Upon this ruin. I will take your cloak.

The air does not affect you ?

Bea. O, no, Señor ;

It has a balmy freshness, pleases me much.

You are most kind to ask.

Cal. I kind to you ?

Bea. So, at all times you most approve yourself

When I do need a friend. What were I now,

But for your interest in my behalf ?

Let my heart answer.

Cal. You know not what you say.

Some day you will reproach my memory

As the perdition of your heavenly soul.

Bea. Oh ! when I do, then let my soul become

Unworthy of heaven. Alas ! you do not know

All that I suffered in this weary world,

Till, by your sympathy, I was led to hope

For happier days.

Cal. You have, then, suffered much ?

Bea. I have been so demeaned by paltry want,

I shamed to face it with my parents' name,

And so chose that by which you know me now.

Cal. Had you no father to supply your needs ?

Bea. Alas!

Cal. You sigh?

Bea. You spoke of my father;

It always gives me pain to hear of him.

Cal. Wherefore, sweet maid?

Bea. Because it has not been

My happy lot ever to see his face.

Cal. He died in your young infancy, perhaps?

Bea. Nay, Señor; but he left my mother's side

Ere I was born, and, going to the wars,

Was never heard of more.

Cal. He had some cause?

Bea. O, no!

Cal. He acted on suspicion?

Bea. Yes.

Cal. But what suspicion? I beg that you proceed!

Bea. That my sweet mother—who was truth itself—

Deceived him in his honor with a Moor,

Whom, in the fury of this mad belief,

He did surprise and slay.

Cal. Ye holy heavens!

Tell me, Beatrice, where did all this pass?

Bea. At Salamanca.

Cal. And your father's name?

Bea. Roderigo d'Alcara.

Cal. [*greatly agitated.*] Oh! ye great gods!

Bea. What is it, sir?

Cal. Retire from here.

Bea. But, Señor?

Cal. I'm a pollution to your presence, now;

I never knew the demon that I was

Until your story.

Bea. Why should it move you so?

Hah! what swift fancy doth connect this face

With my dear father's image.

[*She runs quickly to the lantern and looks at a likeness.*]

Ye blessed saints!

I pray, sir, that you ease my doubting soul,

And tell me if you ever looked on this,

Ere I now show it to you?

Cal. [*throwing it away.*] Away with that!

The conscience which was hid beneath those traits

Was pure as snow.

Bea. It is as I divined.

You are, then—?

Cal. [*shrinking away.*] An assassin.

Bea. [*throwing herself on his breast.*] No, my father!

Cal. [*after a slight pause.*] O, sweet Beatrice! were I had lived long enough for earthly joy. [this only true,
But then I fear that title doth belong
Unto another.

Bea. O, my dear father!
Taint not the memory of the purest wife
That ever loved her lord. The scholar Fosco,
In whom you placed so absolute a trust,
Confessed in dying that he loved your Inez,
And coined that calumny about the Moor
To be revenged on her, that she preferred
Your hand to his.

Cal. I hear you.

Bea. On the deed,
You fled your city, changed, it seems, your name,
So that my mother sought with fruitless care
To find where you had gone. Oh, how she loved you!
My own first recollections is a prayer
That she taught me for you; and when she came,

In the fulsome course of her time, to die,
She gave me this lock of her lustrous hair,
And charged me, if it ever was my chance
To see my father, I should give it him,
As a memorial that she was true,
And loved him to the last.

Cal.

Oh, Inez ! Inez !

Yet, how these miseries of mine exceed
All you have borne ! Ah, it is easier far
To suffer an injustice to ourselves,
Than bear the sense of an injustice done
To those we love.

Bea.

Oh, my dear father !

Only take courage ; you may still find peace.

Cal. Where ? In the grave ?

Bea.

No ; here in this bright world.

You will have Martin and my little self
To love you still. Yea, you shall live with us ;
And, in the tenderness of our devotion,
You may sometime come almost to forget
Your past has been unhappy.

Cal.

Oh, my Beatrice !

You know not how your words do rend my heart.

And it is you that, for the sake of power,

I had almost—oh, Heaven!—hark to that bell!

[*Bell rings, and then the miserere is heard on the organ.*]

Come; leave this place!

Bea. Without Martin, father?

Cal. He will not be here.

Bea. Why, you said he would.

Cal. I did deceive you.

Bea. But—

Cal. Obey me, child!

[*Enter Prince of Spain.*]

Every stroke of that bell peals forth a fate

Mortal to us both!

Bea. But a moment more,

And perhaps Martin—[*screams.*] Oh, my father!

Cal. Well?

Bea. Protect me from that man!

Cal. [*decisively.*] Stand you there!

[*He places her slightly in the rear of his own position.*

The Prince advances in a rollicking manner.]

Prince. You've done your duty like a man of style.

Believe me, when I come to mount the throne
I'll value you as grandly for this prize
As though your subtle policy had won
A province for me. But how is this, now ?
Our little dove is something o'er afraid ;
In the beginning 'tis a consequence,
But, like a musty fashion, will wear off
When she doth know me better. Come, then, fair maid,
And in the favor of your Prince's eye,
Reign a beloved goddess.

Cal. Stay, Prince !

Prince. How ?

Cal. I have learnt matters which must change, per-
The covenant between us. [force,

Prince. What mean you, sir ;

To rob me of the profits of my trade ?
But come, now, Calderon ; consider well
The glories and preferments which I have
At my bestowal.

Cal. You can keep them all !

I would not bargain for a Cæsar's crown
The honor of my child.

Prince. Your child ! She ?

Cal. Some private discourse we have had together
Reveals as much.

Prince. I'll not be so put off.
This is a cunning coinage of your own,
To match some disposition of the maid
You have new fancied. Who is there can tell
But that you have designs on her yourself,
And by this fiction—?

Cal. Do not speak so, Prince.

Prince. I will speak, sir, as my convictions prompt,
And so act by them. Therefore, mark me well ;
I will not let a flimsy tale, like yours,
Defraud me out of the unquestioned right
Which makes her mine. *[About to advance.*

Cal. Advance no further, sir.

Prince. What is there to stay me ?

Cal. *[drawing his sword and calmly presenting it to the*
Prince's breast.] A father's sword !

Prince. *[astonished.]* You draw on me ?

Cal. In such a cause as this,
I would draw on the proudest king alive.

Prince. I like your spirit for it clicks to mine.
Yon jewel, then, to the most valiant steel.

Cal. Don Philip, pause. You know I am a man
Who am not scrupulous of heaven or hell,
When on a purpose I once stand resolved.
Be you warned, therefore ;
For, by St. Iago, if I can preserve
My daughter's honor only through your life,
Why, I will kill you.

Prince. [*whirling his sword.*] I despise your threats,
And to the utterance defy your worst.

Cal. Consider, Philip ; mine is no empty boast.
You know the hidden history of my life,
And that the weapon you're about to cross
Hath reddened in blood before.

Prince. [*shaking his sword.*] My tongue is here,
And doth reserve its answer for your heart.
So for you, villain !

Cal. [*rushing at the Prince.*] Will you have it so ?
Then in yon anthem hear your funeral dirge.

Bea. [*falls on her knees, crosses her hands on her bosom
and looks up to heaven during the combat.*]

Oh, Heaven ! shield my father in this hour.

[*Enter Queen, train and Uzeda, Santa Cruz, Sandoval, Carlo, Lerdo—all hurriedly—the music of the organ swells higher.*]

Omnes. What means this tumult ?

Santa C.

Ho ! the Prince is
[engaged.

Queen [*advancing wildly.*] Divide them, gentleman, we
[pray, command you.

[*All draw, and as they reach the combatants the Prince falls.*]

Prince. You are too late ; it was Don Calderon.

Omnes. Don Calderon !

Cal. [*who has retired to the rear with Beatrice, and his sword in hand.*]

Yes, it was I—

Queen Is.

Horror !

Calderon, the assassin of our Prince !

Cal. No, lady ; the protector of his child.

[*Mounts the ruins.*

Uz. Shall he outbrave us ? Ho, there, guards !

[*Enter guards rapidly.*

First Guard.

Did you call?

Uz. Yes; fire on that man!

Omnes [excitedly.]

Yes, yes, quick, quick!

Prince [feebly rising, then falling into the Queen's lap.]

No, no!

Uz. Do you hear, slaves?

First Guard.

The Prince, sir—

Uz. [threatening with his sword.]

Fire! I say,

Or I will make cur offal of you all!

Do as I bid you.

Car. [hitting a guard with his sword.] Wretch! 'twill

[be too late!

[*The guards fire; Calderon disappears in a depression, and then re-appears higher up, holding Beatrice on his arm, in a fainting condition; the moon throws its light over their faces, and the curtain falls on the position.*]

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE—*The interior court yard of Calderon's palace. As the act opens, Ricardo observed, on a slight elevation, addressing the servants, who hold pikes in their hands.*

Ric. Now that you know the danger which hangs o'er
Our noble master, answer, one and all,
Will you defend him ?

Omnes. We will !

Ric. My brave people !

If you want other arms than those you have,
You will find all descriptions in the chamber
Beneath the chapel. First, bar up that gate ; [*They do so.*
It will preserve you against all assault
Till my return.

First Serv. Where do you go, Ricardo ?

Ric. To wait the coming of Don Calderon,
At the armory door.

First Serv. Is he still without ?

Ric. Yes, but I do expect him every moment.

Be of good patience then, until such time

As I rejoin you.

[Exit.

Omnes. Come, for the arms.

Second Serv. Soft—

One word, my friends.

Omnes. Heigh?

Second Serv. You do not know, perhaps,
The reason of this peril to our master?

First Serv. The hatred of the nobles, which has
[triumphed.

Second Serv. No; because his life is forfeit to the law
For killing our young Prince.

Omnes. Oh, horror! No!

It is impossible—it cannot be!

Second Serv. Your pardon; most fully have I been
This being then, are we not foolish all [informed.
To play his champions thus? We were engaged
To brew his dinners, keep his clothes in trim,
To tend his horses, or to sweep his floors;
And so on each, each according to his office.
But nowhere do our stipulations read
We are to die for him.

First Serv.

Yes, that we'll do!

By thus defending him from justice here.

Second Serv. Yea, even by being found in his house.*Omnes.* Will we? Let us fly then.

[*They throw down their pikes and rush to the barred gate in the rear, when it is banged from without.*]

Second Serv.

It is too late.

Sando. [*without.*] Open this gate,*First Serv.* [*trembling.*]

Oh, what are we to do?

Would that I were in Lapland or in China—

Anywhere but here.

[*All consp. without.*] Open, open, we say.

First Serv. That frightful banging! oh, that horrid
How't hurts my feelings. [noise!]

Second Serv.

It is best to open.

Omnes. Oh, not for the world!*Second Serv.*

I will dare the risk.

[*He pulls aside the bar, gate opens, and Sandoval, Santa Cruz, Carlo, and Lerdo rush in with drawn swords, followed by guards. The servants all huddle together, and fall on their knees.*]

Santa C. This way, Señors.

All Serv.

Oh, noble gentlemen !

Santa C.

Slaves !

Where is your master !

Car.

Tell us, you cowards,

Lest with our sabres—

All Serv.

Oh, mercy ! mercy !

Santa C. Answer us then, where is Don Calderon ?

All Serv. We do not know, sir.

Santa C.

How, you do not know ?

Second Serv. Upon our oaths !

Santa C.

Will the villain escape us ?

Now, by the gods, I feel my courage glow

To beard the panther, to enter the den

Where the huge anaconda coils himself,

And clutch him by the throat. Oh, such is my spirit

That, knew I only where to seek the traitor,

He would never escape me.

First Serv.

Pray, My Lord,

Though we know not for certain where he is,

He may be in his palace for all that.

Santa C. [*flinching.*] What, in his palace—in his palace

Go, rascals, search, and if you find this true, [here ?

Seize on the knave, and bring him here in irons.

First Serv. Now, gentle nobles. [*Exeunt guards.*]

Santa C. Rise, you icicles !

Watch you this entrance, till our guards return.

And should it be attacked by Calderon's friends,

Defend it with your lives.

First Serv. That we will, sir.

Heigh, fellows ?

All Serv. Yes ! yes !

Santa C. Get you to your posts, then.

[*Servants whisper to each other, and as soon as they get between the conspirators and the gate they rush out and disappear. Ricardo appears at a window above and shakes his fist at the servants as they go out.*]

Car. Ho, ho ! Treason !

Santa C. Come back ! you varlets, you !

San. Oh, let them go ! We do not need their force.

Confess that nothing could have served us better

Than the deed of this night.

Ler. Yea, Calderon

Hath undone himself, as it were, to please us.

Car. As for myself, in future I will pray

Whenever I may have an enemy
That he may have a pretty daughter too,
Who will excite some puissant prince like ours
To her undoing ; that is to premise
If the goodman, like Calderon, will object.

— [Enter Uzeda.]

Santa C. What, ho, Uzeda, how now fares the Prince ?

Uz. Most wonderfully well ; you are amazed,
But th' assassin's thrust was fortunately stopped
By a small silver star his Highness wore
Upon his breast ; so that striking askant
It caused no other injury than a faint,
Whence came the common story of his death.

Car. He is alive, then ?

Uz. As much as you or I !

Santa C. Remember we hear nothing of all this.

Let us proceed against Don Calderon
As though cognizant of the Prince's death ;
So that the gravity of our deed may stand
Excused as an outburst of loyal zeal,
And not misnamed revenge.

Uz.

Happily, sir,

I know a way by which this deed can be
Thoroughly done and leave us unconcerned :
All I require of you is to say naught
Before the person I have chos'n for this,
Concerning the relation that exists
'Twixt Cald'ron and Beatrice. Your patience, now !

[*Exit.*

Car. I like not mystery.

Santa C.

Uzeda's wise,

And doth consider well in all he does.

I warrant that his substitute is one

To do the deed for us.

Car.

I do not think it,

For I have some notion of who he is.

A sort of pudding Hercules ; a man

That can make menace with a mace or club,

And yet would shrink from action with a straw ;

A man, sirs, that would take to headlong flight

E'en at my warlike shadow ; and were he here

To brook the fire and fury of mine eye,

The fat would melt and trickle off his bones

As tallow runs down from a candle-wick.

Believe me, sirs, our friend hath chosen ill ;

[*Enter Uzeda and Martin Fonseca.*]

An arrant coward—yea, a very—ough !

[*He skips behind the others.*]

Uz. Allow me to present to you a friend.

Santa C. Yes, to Don Calderon !

Mar. Your pardon, Marquis !

A friend to every enemy of his,

And therefore such to you.

Car. [*from behind.*] Do not believe him.

Santa C. So rapid a conversion—

Uz. This noble Señor

Hath only learned what we so long have known :

That Calderon is a perfidious knave,

Who never makes a friend but for some use,

And that a vile one.

Mar. Yea, gentlemen,

He has basely inflicted on me wrongs

Which I would shame to bear without rebuke,

And call myself a man.

Santa C. Are you in earnest ?

Mar. Bring me in reaching distance of the wretch,

And you shall see as red a piece of work
As ever stained a sword.

Santa C. Give us your hand ;

Born an old Roman, you have been the one

To smite a Cæsar down. [*Re-enter Guards.*

How now, what news ?

[*Carlos approaches Martin and shakes his hand.*]

Saw you anything of Don Calderon ?

First Guard. No, Señor! However, from a menial
Whom we caught lurking in an obscure place,
We learned his master hath in purpose now
To claim the ancient privilege of asylum
In the church of St. Gines.

Uz. He has, indeed,

But one such desperate measure for his life.
Come then, disperse in parties, and possess
All avenues leading to the church, that we
May the more surely cross him.

Mar. But I demand

That who soever apprehends him first
Shall tarry in his vengeance till I come
And have my lunge at him !

Santa C.

Oh, very well !

Car. Ay ! You shall have all the killing to yourself.

Uz. Come away ! [*Exeunt all, boisterously. Enter Ric.*]

Ric. So they have gone ! It was a happy trick

By which I put the jackals off their scent.

Yet, let me see around, lest that by chance

They've set some sentinel on guard to spy

Upon my lord's return. [*Goes about, looking at different points. Enter Calderon.*]

Cal.

Ricardo !

Ric. [*running up to him.*] Oh, Sir !

How I rejoice to see you safe again.

Where is the lady ?

Cal.

In my ante-room.

Have they been here ?

Ric.

They have.

Cal.

Call me a servant.

Ric. Alas, Sir !

Cal.

What !

Ric.

I am sorry to say

I am the only servant you have left.

Cal. Where are the others ?

Ric. Frightened by the clouds
That seemed to lower hourly o'er your head,
They have abandoned you.

Cal. 'Tis natural !
When the tree falls, the daws will go to roost
Elsewhere than in its branches. So, Ricardo,
'Tis you I must request to bear this letter
Unto the jailer of St. Michael's prison,
Ordering him, on the instant, to release
Martin Fonseca !

Ric. I will obey you, Sir.

Cal. Mark you, besides, when Martin is delivered
Advise him of my presence in this place,
And that I long to see him.

Ric. Adieu, My Lord ;
Faithfully your commission shall be done. [*Exit.*]

Cal. I fondly hope so. All must be explained,
Beatrice under his protection placed,
So that when I have met my certain fate
She will be safe. [*Enter Beatrice.*]

Beatrice !

Bea. [*embracing Calderon.*] Oh, my father !

As at the gallery window I kept watch,
Queer noises came up to me from the street ;
Whilst through the dark a thousand giddy lights
Shot everywhere like arrows. Surely, there is
Some great commotion now astir, which wakes
The town from her propriety and rest
To such strange scenes as these.

Cal. Wonder you so ?

Bea. Alas ! if you will force me to be frank,
I fear some dreadful mischief, at this hour,
Is being hatched against you.

Cal. What of that ?

The worst that can befall me I deserve.

Bea. How can you say so ?

Cal. And how can you ask,
Knowing the secret villainy I designed
This night against yourself ?

Bea. And what was I,
A poor, obscure and unbefriended girl,
To weigh against the value of your life
And all its gathered honors ? Oh ! in all Spain
There is not one that, tempted as you were,

Would not have fallen too.

Cal. You pardon me, then?

Bea. The will to pardon implies an offense,
Which, in the fullness of my present joy,
I have no heart to feel.

Cal. You love me?

Bea. [*gazing at him fondly.*] Do I?

Cal. Oh! had we never been parted from each other,
What sufferings we had saved unto ourselves!
But, if we will plant thorns, we must expect
To be torn by them. [*Enter Ricardo.*]

Ric. My Lord!

Cal. Ricardo!

Ric. I have been to the prison and informed;
Don Martin has already been enlarged
By the interest of the Count Uzeda.

Cal. The Count Uzeda?

Ric. So the jailer said.
It is a curious business you must own.

Cal. It is, indeed.

Bea. Yet, if Martin is free,
He will come and rejoin us, will he not?

Cal. If he does not, then must I have him sought for.
I do intend that you shall both depart,
Ere morning, from Madrid.

Bea. You will go with us?

Cal. I promise that I soon shall follow you,
To happiness. Go now, my sweet Beatrice,
And in yon hidden chamber guard yourself
Till I make preparations for your flight.
Oh! go, my daughter! [Kisses her. Exit Beatrice.

Oh! Heaven!

Ric. My Lord.

Cal. I feel a painful heaving at my heart.
'Tis sad to part with her so very soon
After we are united.

Ric. Indeed, My Lord,
You must exert yourself or you are lost.
Nowhere upon my path heard I a voice
That was not raised loud in your malediction.

Cal. So the world changes! Only yesterday
The proudest noble cringed beneath my frown,
As a divinity looked down on him;
But now the meanest scullion has a right

To throw his clout at me. It is as well !

I have pursued the meteor of renown

Until I smother in the deadly mists

Which gave it birth. Ricardo !

Ric.

My Lord ?

Cal. Go and prepare my desk. I would draw up

My final testament ere it be too late ;

I'll follow you.

[*Exit Ricardo, reluctantly.*]

It must be as in mind

I have resolved ! Yea, since my violent deed

Is capital under the law of Spain,

I will to the decision bend myself,

And so in one short effort find the peace

For so long wanted here. This might not be,

Were I the creature of my yesterday ;

But now my Inez and the guiltless Moor

Require the satisfaction of my life,

And in the judgment of this last offence

They both shall have it. Besides, to fly—

It is too shameful to engage a thought !

No, like a Spartan, since I needs must fall,

I shall be struck in front.

[*Going.*]

[*Enter Martin Fonseca.*]

Mar. [*intercepting him.*] Heaven be praised !
I am not so abandoned as I thought,
Since I find you at last.

Cal. How now, Martin ?

Mar. I have no time for words ; out with your sword,
For I would kill you fairly.

Cal. I do confess
That I have done you injuries most grave,
Which I repent.

Mar. What is repentance to me ?
Carry repentance to your priests and monks ;
I am a soldier, and will have revenge.

Cal. I promise that you shall be satisfied
More than you dream of.

Mar. I only want your life,
And that lies in my taking—not your gift.
Come, fiend, draw !

Cal. What if I refuse ?

Mar. I tell you plainly, that will save you not !
I give you a chance to defend yourself,
And you must either meet me like a man,

Or perish like a dog.

Cal. Are you so fixed?

Mar. [*approaching.*] I am.

Cal. Enough.

Mar. Will you oppose me?

[*Enter Beatrice in alarm.*]

Cal. [*glancing at Beatrice.*] Yes!

[*Folding Beatrice quickly to his arms, and looking defiant.*]

And here's the weapon I shall fight you with.

Mar. [*recoiling.*] Beatrice!

Bea. Yes; down upon your knees

And crave my pardon; you have drawn a sword

Upon my father.

Mar. Your father! Heavens!

Cal. Yea, Martin, unworthy though I be
Of such a title. How discovery solved
This buried wonder of so many years
We shall discuss anon. But, for the while,
Credit my privilege upon my word,
And, in acquittal of all angry scores,
Receive her from my hands.

Mar. Oh! Calderon!

Thus, on my knees, I testify my grief

For what, in my distraction—

Cal.

O, it is I

Who should go down upon my knees to you ;

But neither have time now for idle shows.

Lo ! the young day already in the east

Begins to smile at night. You both must hence,

Ere this escape alarm the sleeping nuns ;

And by the sacrament confirm your loves

Beyond all future fear.

Mar.

But yourself, sir ?

Cal. I remain here.

Bea.

Oh ! no !

Mar.

That you must not ;

Your enemies are busy in your search,

Resolved to make your trouble with the Prince

A pretext for to kill you.

Cal.

I fear them not.

Bea. But you will go with us ?

Cal.

No.

Bea.

You will not ?

Then I refuse to move one foot from here.

Cal. Oh, now, Beatrice—?

Bea.

No ; I am the rock

That has shipwrecked your fortunes, and should you fall,

Your blood would, like a crimson river, roll

'Twixt me and conscience for all days to come.

I will not leave you ; no, my father, no.

If you must die here, why, I will remain

And die with you.

Mar.

Let my poor voice with hers

Prevail upon you to depart with us.

There is no shame in yielding to your foes

A field whereon you may meet them again

To better vantage.

[*Enter Ricardo.*

Ric.

My Lord, you must away.

The Prince is coming up the street, as I believe,

To order you to death.

Mar.

Oh ! what have you done ?

Escape has now become impossible,

And that death you have fondly seemed to court

Will soon be yours.

Bea.

Oh, no, Martin, no ;

My father so near death—so near the grave ;

Just when he had become so dear to me,
And I had thought to have so many years
To be happy with him ! It cannot be !
I will not lose him thus.

Cal. You have heard, Beatrice?

My fate is settled ; leave me to it, then.

Bea. No, no ; there is still hope ; ay, you shall live !
I will go seek the Prince, and on my knees
Plead for your pardon. Martin, stay me not !
I'll see him, though I make my way to him
Through seas of guards, and he shall hear my prayer
Until I wring the tears from out his eyes,
And force from his unwilling lips the word
Which saves my father's life. [Exit rapidly.]

Cal. Oh, follow her !

Mar. Between two duties I am wildly tossed.
I know the danger which assails her thus,
But, then, to leave you with the butcher's knife
Close to your throat—

Cal. Oh, do not think on me ;
Look to your bride. She must at once be stayed,
Or in the furious hurry of the crowd,

She will be pressed to death. Therefore, I bid you,
As you value my blessing, or fear my curse,
See after her ; I'll attend you within.

Hence, I command you ! [*Exit Martin.*]

Ric. Now, my Lord.

Cal. A single line

Shall make my will; so I have time enough.

Ric. But you should rather think of life, my Lord.

You hear those shouts ? [*Shouts distant.*]

Cal. Well, let their thunder burst,

I am prepared and care not when it strikes.

[*Exit with Ricardo; they close doors after them. Enter*

Uzeda, Sandoval, Santa Cruz, Lerdo, Guards.]

Santa C. Foiled everywhere. This man is like an eel,
And slips as easily between our fingers.

Are we to lose him ?

.[*Enter Carlo.*]

Car. No ; by no means.

Santa C. How ?

Know you where he is ?

Car. Yes.

Omnes. Where ?

Car.

Within.

Santa C. How know you that?*Car.*

Oh, on assurèd proof!

A citizen, I questioned on the street,
Saw him enter here.

Ler.

O, for Don Martin, then.

Uz. Is he not among us?*Santa C.*

No; he is still

Beating, doubtless, somewhere around the church
For the arch villain.

Uz.

Well, we must proceed

As though he were not of our party,
And do the deed ourselves.

Santa C.

Why, how is this?

Uz. The Prince is fast approaching on this place,
And should he be informed of our design,
He might forbid it.

Santa C.

Ay, that is true enough;

We have, at last, a grip upon our foe,
And must not loose it.

Uz.

Yes, he has returned;

This door, that was ajar when we went hence,

Is now locked close. Come, use those pikes upon it.

[Each picks up pike and strikes door.]

Santa C. [hobbling ineffectually about.] Leave me some room, Uzeda.

Car. Use your crutch ;

That will become you better than a pike.

San. The door yields.

[The door is thrown suddenly open, and Calderon appears on the threshold. All start back.]

Cal. Why am I summoned thus ?

Uz. Because you are a criminal, and must die.

Cal. I know it, sir, by sentence of the law,

Which, with impatience, I wait to receive.

Uz. Know, from the hour you smote our sacred Prince,
That every loyal weapon, by the act,
Was made a judge and executioner,
To serve on you where found.

Cal. You know 'tis false,

And none dare take such license to themselves

But vile assassins !

Santa C. Go speak such law to ghosts,

For we mean soon to add you to their ranks !

Down with the traitor !

Cal. [*drawing.*] Come, then, if so you will ;
Though you are many, and I stand alone,
I'll meet you now as ever I have done,
Without reserve or fear.

Uz. On at the knave !

[*All engage fiercely with Calderon.*]

San. I am hit.

Ler. I bleed !

Uz. A scratch ! a scratch !

Come, gentlemen, let not your weapons cool !

[*Enter Prince, Martin and Beatrice.*]

Bea. Oh Prince, my father, see !

[*Calderon is pierced and falls into Martin's arms.*]

Prince. Uzeda—I command you—Stand aside !

Bea. Oh, my father ! [*Kneels to him.*]

Prince. How is it with you, sir ?

Cal. Heavily, Prince ; I am struck unto death !

Bea. Oh, do not say so ! Leave me not so soon !

Live for the sake of Martin and myself !

We will be all so happy together.

Cal. We will, Beatrice, but not in this world.

Have patience, then, until we meet again
Among the angels.

Bea. [*her face on his breast.*] Oh !

Prince. [*to conspirators.*] Behold the ruin
Your malice has wrought of this noble life !
In retribution, therefore, get you gone
To endless exile in some distant land !
And mark me, should you ever dare again
Against our spoken pleasure to set foot,
Even upon an inch of Spanish ground,
You die that hour ! [*All conspirators bend head in sub-*
mission.]

Cal. Oh, Prince !

Prince. [*going to Calderon, takes his hand.*]

Calderon ! I grieve
I cannot make you what amends I would ;
But if the promise can avail you now,
Know it shall always be my dearest care
To see your daughter prospered in all things
Which make life a desire.

Cal. Bless you, my Prince !
I ever thought your disposition kind ;

And you have now my dying prayer, your reign
May be happy and long ! Farewell, Martin !
Think gently of my memory at times,
For the sake of my child ! Peace to your lives,
Such as I now pray on my parting soul.
Farewell !

[*Slow curtain. Music pp.*

[*End of tragedy.*]



TO PSYCHE.

I.

THE day hath drawn her weary lid
Over the sultry star we chid,
 And now we may
 Trip and play,
To all but love and rapture hid.

II.

Yet I'll not lead thee where the vine
Clasps love-like the faint jessamine ;
 Nor to the rill
 Whose silvery trill,
Melts my soul as its voice were thine.

III.

Fond hearts that meet and lips that kiss,
Have made bowers there scenes of bliss,
 And gay delight,
 Full many a night ;
But other joys shall sweeten this.

IV.

The poet's dream is far more sweet
Than the lays of brooklets at our feet,
Or the mingling fire
Of wild desire,
In lone and flowery retreat.

V.

Then to its joy, love, whilst we may,
For the night will soon be day,
And that heavenly dream,
Doth scarcely beam
Upon the soul, than it dies away.

TO LEILA.

I.

AH, Leila, if the primrose wear
The summer's golden hue,
It breathes upon the wanton air
The summer's fragrance too.

II.

And if the dew-drop on the thorn
Glow brightly in the ray,
It melts like incense on the morn,
And cools the burning day.

III.

Then, sweet, oh why that crimson dye
That tints thy cheeks so fair,
If whilst it tempt the wistful eye
It bid the lip forbear?

IV.

Oh why that eye so dazzling bright
Stars fly from it in shame,
If whilst we wanton in its light
We perish in its flame?

O D E.

LEILA saw a blossom shine
Like a snowdrop on the vine,
And, to wear it for a gem,
Plucked it from the ripening stem.
“Pretty fondling,” then she said,
“Lay thy little snowy head
On this bosom—that shall be
A couch henceforth unto thee.”
“Fondly sweet,” was the reply,
“On thy billowy breast to lie ;
Yet, the bliss were trebly mine
Hadst thou left me on the vine,
Careless of thy luscious rape,
Till I’d seasoned to a grape ;
For, love, then I had been prest
To thy lip, and not thy breast.”

CECILIA.

I.

I KNOW the grove where maidens twine
Their sunny locks with flowers,
When gaily flown with love and wine
They sigh for happy hours.

II.

I know where lintwhites tune their throats
So sweetly to the lyre ;
The soul that lives upon their notes
Would in their fall expire.

III.

Yet, let me fly that flowery grove
With its haunts so bright and fair,
Where I so often seek my love,
Yet never find her there.

IV.

And oh ! let happier hearts rejoice
In the sweet songs of the year,
Since every note recalls a voice
That I must never hear.

V.

But, let me climb some rugged height,
That mantles o'er the sea,
Where wild winds, raving day and night,
May hymn a dirge to me.

VI.

Or, let me seek some weird cave,
Where I may lie and weep,
Until my tears shall dig my grave
And death become my sleep.

INCOGNITA.

I.

SHE passed before me like a vision,
From some far-off field Elysian,
And then left me sad and lonely,
Sighing, dying for her only.

II.

Still, I see her in my dreaming,
Fair and mystically seeming,
As when heart and soul beguiling,
With the beauty of her smiling.

III.

Oh, the misery ; oh, the anguish ;
In a state so sad to languish,
With my heart, and fancy blessing
Charms so near, and ne'er possessing !

O D E .

As through the new-wakening dawn
I hied o'er the glassy lawn,
By a crystal streamlet's side,
A sweet maiden I espied,
Dreaming like a dew-drop bright
On the flowers she pressed so light.
Dewy roses showered by
Blushes of the richest dye,
Tender violets at my feet
Breathed forth incense soft and sweet ;
Yet from roses brightly glowing
And violets so sweetly blowing,
I turned to her lips that did shine
Like two lilies dipt in wine ;
And bending gently down to sip
The bright cordial they did drip,
Love who artfully had made

There a tempting ambushade,
And now waited prim and sly
Until I came passing by,
Sprung blithe upward as a bee
Springs from a breeze-kissed lily,
And aiming a fire-feathered dart
Lodged it in my hapless heart,
Whence my life-blood from that day
Slowly, sadly ebbs away.

FLORA'S GRACES.

I.

THE golden beam of morning tips
Daffodillies sheathed in gold,
And, as at lovers' meeting lips,
Their honey dells unfold.

II.

The skylark, climbing in delight
The rosy sky above,
Weaves round her ambery flakes of light,
Gay notes of joy and love.

III.

And blithely, too, the wakening bee
Now spreads his sparkling sails,
To skim day's sapphire-glimmering sea
Before the flowery gales.

IV.

Yet summer songs or insect dyes,
The brightest flowers that shine,
How sweet to others' ears and eyes,
Have lost their joys for mine :

V.

For, since my Flora's charms did blaze
On me in all their pride,
My ravished eyes, alas ! can gaze
On nothing fair beside ;

VI.

And, from the morning I did hear
Her warble to the spring ;
No lay, how sweet, can touch my ear
Than that which she doth sing.

FORSAKEN.

I.

MAIDENS, prepare my bridal bed
Amid the pale and slumbering dead,
With nothing at my silent head
Save a cypress or a yew ;
For he whom I did love so well,
And in whose heart my hopes did dwell,
Like pearls that glitter in their shell,
Hath proved untrue.

II.

Lilies spring in young Phryn  s way,
Winter ne'er chill so fair a May,
Life be one long sweet wedding-day
Unto the lovely one ;
Crown her with blossoms from the vine,
Make all her dreams like songs divine,
But tell her ne'er his heart was mine,
When I am gone !

